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THE
HERMIT IN LONDON;
OR,
SKETCHES
OF
ENGLISH MANNERS.

VOL. II.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.

Chaque age a ses plaisirs, son esprit, et ses usages.

BOILEAU.

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REPORT OF THE

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THE REPORT OF THE

THE
HERMIT IN LONDON.

Nº XX.

JUST RETURNED FROM COLLEGE.

JUST REEL RYED FROM COLLEGE

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;

If honest Nature made your *feet*,

What sais your Grammars?

Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,

Or knappin hammers,

A set of dull conceited hashes,

Confuse their brains in College classes!

They gae in sticks, and come out asses,

Plain truth to speak.

BURNS.

son.

The Doctor had, by much labour and long
practice, amassed a large fortune, which
he left to his only son, to whom he was so
partial that he spared no expence to educate
him in the first style. General knowledge
was what the Doctor was anxious to give his
child, who, on his part, seconded his wishes
by a thirst for improvement. This, however,
was accompanied by a volatility and an

JUST RETURNED FROM COLLEGE.

BEING informed that my old friend, Dr. Drudge's son, had come to town, I called, the other day, to visit him. I valued the father much: he was an honest, industrious, and successful man; and I wished to show every civility in my power to his son.

The Doctor had, by much labour and long practice, amassed a large fortune, which he left to his only son, to whom he was so partial that he spared no expence to educate him in the first style. General knowledge was what the Doctor was anxious to give his child, who, on his part, seconded his wishes by a thirst for improvement. This, however, was accompanied by a volatility and an

JUST RETURNED FROM COLLEGE.

eccentricity wholly unexampled. It is often the case that the son of a learned man, or of a great public character, is a dunce; just as the common consequence in life is, that the successor of a miser is a prodigal: but, in the present instance, it is otherwise; for the Doctor's son is still more ambitious of shining as a man of science and of letters, than his father's most anxious wishes could desire.

About a year ago, the young man was deprived of his worthy father; and it is a week since he concluded his academic studies, having taken a Bachelor's degree and quitted College. Very different from those young men of rank and fashion, who leave Oxford and Cambridge, perfect only in horse-racing, sporting, drinking, and gaming, Mr. Drudge has read, in the last four years, more books than any other man of his age that I am acquainted with. He has had a gleaming of almost every science, but with such rapidity, that it has produced a confusion of matter and of languages in his head, similar to what we read of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. To this he adds great self-

confidence and a fine flow of spirits, which render him a very strange character.

His ambition is to be a member of parliament, an orator, an author, the discoverer of some new theory, and, finally, to be quoted as one of the learned men of the age. His requisites and probable success I shall leave to the reader to foretell; and shall merely paint a scene betwixt himself and me, which will give a more accurate idea of what he is, than a volume of description, argument, and deductions therefrom, could afford.

I called at his lodgings and found him at home, seated in his robe de chambre, a Spanish grammar on one side of him, and the cranium of a dog on the other. Squares, compasses, and mathematical instruments, retorts and phials, books and papers, were all around him; and a description of Persia was in his hand. Two foreigners were employed in the corners of the room; one working in plaster of Paris, the other at a desk.

He rose to receive me with a cheerfulness unlike the expression of a bookworm, and, making me a half prostration, with a smile

he cried, "Salam, Salam, most worthy Sir; friend of my Sire; I delight in seeing you; you are welcome beyond my descriptive powers; *Se seda Signor — Asseyez-vous, s'il vous plait* — sit down by the little boy who gratefully remembers being on your knee — *dans l'aurore de la vie*! How do you do? how is the nervous system? No hypochondriasis? No dyspepsia? All well in the pulmonary regions? the viscera? the muscular economy? Aye, I'll swear to it. The vital system as entire as a youth's of twenty! and the intellectual one mature and sane — *mens sana in corpore sano*! The mind is (I perceive) "Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull." But tell me — *Quid agis?* What are your present pursuits? — Moral or experimental Philosophy, Zoology, Mineralogy, Conchology or Geology, Metaphysics, Philology, Anatomy, Ethics, Natural History, or the Belles Lettres? I have heard of you. I know that you are a *savant*, a man of *virtù*, one of the *cognoscenti*, of the *Dillettanti*, a man of science, and a leader of *bon goût*."

He overpowered me, but I put in a few words. “Well,” said he abruptly, “we have a fine prospect of affairs, political and general. Pretty work this election; great efforts at an oligarchy—at a democracy, or a mobocracy, if you please. They would give us a republic *non libre*, as Montesquieu calls it. You see what our liberty comes to. It is that *libertas* which *in vitium excidit*. Ay, the Life Guards will settle that! But it is truly shocking: amputations and fractures, lacerations and dislocations, are the effects of the poll; in consequence of those emulations and strifes, those contentions and passions “which war in our own members,” —hem! It is every where the same. Vide the revolutions of France, of Holland, of the Colonies. *Odi profanum vulgus*. These demagogue orators poison the public mind, intoxicate weak brains with their frothy oratory, themselves being the worst of private characters; and then leave the *popolaccio* to a sense of their own wretchedness. Thus it is that

“Belle parole e certi fatti”

“Ingannano savj e matti.”

222. Apropos, but for these elections the town
 would be a desert. At the court end of the
 town it is la *memento mori*, la *crus in urbe*.
 The grass is actually growing in the streets;
 and the sight of a nobleman's carriage is a
 treat. Then turning to the implements
 around him, "You see," said he, "my
 amusements and occupations; Chemistry,
 Anatomy, Geology (holding up a specimen
 of basalt,) and History. That *multum in parco*
 little fellow is taking my bust (pointing to a
 deformed Italian). The other is my Spanish
 master, who is writing my exercise. "*Su
 servidor; viva, ustea muchos annos* (to the
 language master, bowing him out). This
 cranium was that of a dog, the most intel-
 lectual (if I dare use the phrase) of his
 species. The animal was a Roman, and I
 am examining the cerebellum. [His servant
 enters with a letter.] That fellow I keep
 because I made an experiment on him. He
 was as deaf as the Tarpeian rock; and I
 cured him by electricity, after trying mag-
 netism, the metallic tractors, and the devil
 and all. *Vous me permettez, mon ami—*
 you will allow me to peruse this billet—it is

an invitation to the Institute, and a promise to take me to an experiment of the Voltaic pile. A fine thing, no doubt! I know the principle, as one ought to know the principle of every thing; from the five per cents. up to the solar and lunar systems. Talking of the sun, the Prince carries it with a high hand; every measure goes through—the Indemnity Act, and all the rest. By and by, these demi-gods of ministers will issue their orders—“Such is our will.” It will be *ΔΕΩΝ Δ’ΕΤΕΛΕΙΕΤΟ ΒΑΣΙΛΗ*. What will become of old Magna Charta at last I know not. It will be *Carta pecora*, or *Carte blanche*, I believe. By the by, how they are stultified in France! No nerve! a general paralysis!

Here I stopped him, for fear that he should have gone all over the continent, and have hurried me with him; and I asked him what were his plans for his future modes of life? “As follow, worthy Sir,” resumed the youth, “It is my intention, first, to make a tour of the continent of Europe and of the Greek Isles; to become a member of a number of foreign universities, and to have as many

A.M.S. F.R.S.'s a double S.S. and initials of
 Science, as will fill the title-page of a book,
 tacked to my name. I mean to write my
 tour, and to have it printed on fine wove,
 hot-pressed, royal octavo paper, with a flatter-
 ing engraving of Self, in an antique costume.
 I shall get a needy foreigner to make draw-
 ings for it; and I shall dedicate it to some
 leading man. I'll praise the Edinburgh
 Reviewers up to the skies — "*resque ad
 sidera.*" I'll have two mottoes, one in Greek
 and one in Hebrew, to the book; and, on my
 return from the continent, I'll give dinners
 to all the celebrated booksellers in town.
 I'll purchase up one hundred copies of the
 work; and have the second and third editions
 issued out simultaneously with the first.
 Thus ushered into celebrity, my next am-
 bition will be to get into parliament, and to
 "make a thundering maiden speech"; then,
 with M.P. attached to all the other dis-
 tinctions of a man of alphabetical as well as
 of learned distinction, I may publish any-
 thing, and shall be sure of becoming a
 popular author. Lastly; I propose retiring

to my *Tusculum*, where I must discover some theory, and publish it, by which means I shall be called by the name of my theory, and thus be rendered immortal. All this accomplished, I shall retire to the country, there, "*ducere solitæ jocunda oblivia vitæ*," and end the scene in the arms of the Muses."

Here concluded the projects of my ambitious friend, young Drudge. The reader may consider the picture as overcharged; but I assure him that it is faithful. In the course of a long life, many singular objects have passed before my eyes, and I have, amongst the number, met with more than one of this cast. We have fanatics of all kinds; religious, political, poetical, physical, and metaphysical. We have fanatics in love, in painting, and in all the Fine Arts. Every body must have seen "*Il Fanatico per la Musica*;" and not a bad play might be written on "*Il Fanatico per la Scienza*:" such is the worthy friend above described of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

IXI.

LIBRARY OF THE

Nº XXI.

FASHIONABLE ADVICE.

WOMAN'S VIRTUE

Empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise,
Bred only, and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite; to sing, to dance,
To dress, and trol the tongue, and roll the eye.

MILTON.

FASHIONABLE ADVICE.

“MY dear Julia,” said Lady ——— to her youngest daughter, as I was paying my morning visit to the latter, “I was quite horrified, last night, to see you go out of the Argyle Rooms, hanging on young Walsingham’s arm. You put both your hands through it, clasped together, and leaned forward, and looked in his face, as if he was your whole dependence and delight, with an air of regard and of confidence which quite petrified me. I assure you it was observed by Lady Glibspeech, and by the three Misses Mortimer, who kept their eyes upon you whilst they whispered to each other, ‘A match, I suppose!’” “Dear me, Mamma,” said the

artless Julia, "I did not err intentionally, I'm sure; I only leaned upon his arm, because I was fatigued, and because he very kindly offered it."

"There are many hints which I wish to give you, child," continued her Ladyship. "In taking a man's arm, you should do it neither bashfully nor confidently; neither disdainfully nor kindly! You should never lean upon him, in any sense of the word; but receive either his arm for the promenade, or his hand for the dance, as a mere matter of course."

"When you smile, too, in return for a bow, or other salutation or acknowledgement, you smile with all your heart! your eyes wide open, and beaming regard. Now, nothing is more vulgar. Your smile should be half grave, half sportive: enough of the former to show becoming pride; and of the latter, to set off and embellish your countenance."

"When you laugh, you laugh as if you really were delighted, which is plebeian in the extreme. A woman of quality's laugh is

in a very doubtful, minor key, as if half-ashamed of herself at being moved to mirth by the exertions of anyone.

“In surprise, again, you expand your large blue eyes, and look like a picture” (Julia is beautiful in this expression of countenance), “although I have told you, a hundred times, that none but rustics appear amazed; nothing being quite novel to people of fashion.” (A fine compound of deceit she will make of her, cried I, to myself.)

“Then, you have a trick of standing near the fire, which catches your face and arms, and makes you look as ruddy as a milkmaid, and ruining your complexion for the night.” (This was impossible to be done to her Ladyship’s artificial lilies and roses.)

“When you are asked if you are engaged to dance, you cry no, with the simplicity of a peasant, and look, as much as to say, ‘I’ll dance with you, with a great deal of pleasure,’—instead of hanging down your head, then looking up in a pretty attitude, expression of doubt and consideration, so as to give added interest to your hand, which

the cavalier is uncertain of obtaining; and showing, at the same time, how much you are in request. Nay, when you have accepted a dancing partner, you should not rise full of spirits and satisfaction, to join the gay throng; but, even then, testify some degree of indifference, and take your place coolly, and loungingly, as it were."

"But, then," replied Julia, "my dear Mamma, I am so fond of dancing!" "That is just what I complain of!" said her Ladyship. "You ought to be fond of nothing but fashion; your father, and myself."—"And brothers and sisters," added Julia, hanging down her head. "Yes, brothers and sisters," answered Lady —; "but, don't hang down your head, and pronounce these words like a simpleton."

"When you ride out with a gentleman (I beg your pardon, Mr. —, for delivering this lecture before you, but I know that you are a friend of the family," said she to me.—"*Oh, madame, ne vous gênez pas; le discours est très édifiant,*" replied I.) "Never," resumed she, "allow him either

to ride on your left side, or to lean on the pommel of your saddle.

“When you walk with beaux, never dismiss your footman; and never let me see you go out with young Archer, in his tilbury. A curricie, with two grooms behind, is well enough, even if the grooms be a quarter of a mile behind; because these two witnesses defeat the idea of a tête-à-tête, and are stylish; whilst the other is mean and matrimonial.” Aye, there’s the rub, thought I; for the first position exhibits a distinction without a difference, considering the quarter of a mile business.

“Lastly,” concluded she, “when you waltz, extend your arms, and keep your partner literally at arm’s length: look occasionally at your feet, and smile around you; but never allow his eye to meet yours, nor give him one undivided smile upon any account whatever; and pray do not let me have to blush for you any more.” “Very well, Mamma,” said Julia, and left the room with a tearful eye.

"She is," said her Ladyship, addressing herself to me, "such a novice, that I have no patience with her." "What would you have her to be," exclaimed I, "at sweet sixteen, and as innocent and engaging as a girl can be?" "Stuff!" said her Ladyship; "the girl's barely passable" (her Ladyship was envious of her). "But, don't you think," added I, "that it would be just as useful, and a deal more simple, to advise her not to waltz, nor to ride out, nor to lean on arms in a morning promenade, unless with a relation to protect her, or in your Ladyship's company; or finally, if she never waltzed at all, unless with a brother or sister, would it not be just as safe?" "Oh! nonsense!" replied her Ladyship; "I can't be bound to dance attendance on grown-up girls, although it be my duty to give good advice. I might shut myself up in prison just as well. That would finely interfere with my engagements, indeed! A pretty thing to make a bear-leader of me! yet, I would chuse my daughters to be perfect women of

fashion." "Oh! I perfectly understand you," replied I; and shifting the subject, took an early leave.

It was her Ladyship's wish to check the sprightliness of her daughters, and to make them fashionable, but prudent,—two words not always reconcileable; and all this, without interfering with her pleasures, without eclipsing her own imaginary charms, and without giving her any trouble whatever.

THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
FROM
THE
FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME
BY
JOHN
ROBERTSON
ESQ.
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NEW YORK

ROBERTSON

N° XXII.

FORTUNE HUNTERS.

THE TWO STRINGS

—— He that has two strings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too.

BUTLER.

the nature of the case

Vol. II

FORTUNE HUNTERS.

LIFE has been called, by some, a dream,—by others a drama, (“since all the world’s a stage,”)—and by others a game. In the former point of view we are all somnambulists, surrounded with uncertainty and darkness, feeling our way through the world, our minds obnubilated by phantoms, blinded by interest, lulled into security by a delusive reverie, attracted by unsubstantial pleasures, and only awake to wisdom and to reason when it is too late. In the two latter views of the subject we are mere actors in a piece where we cannot chuse our own parts, or speculators on a game of which we know not the nature of the stake. .

As I do not like the gloomy side of things, I shall consider men in this last point of view; namely, in pursuit of some game, with interest or amusement for their main object, classifying the sportsmen in life under the heads of pleasure hunters, quality hunters, (or, as it is called at Oxford, where the gold tuft is the badge of nobility, tuft hunters) place and pension hunters, and, lastly, fortune or wife hunters; more properly the former, as the latter is only considered as an accompaniment, and often a very inharmonious one to it.

The mere pleasure hunter, who follows the ignis-fatuus of enjoyment, that is to say, "the something unpossest," is scarcely worth a thought. Brief is his summer's day in the garden of life; fickle his taste; many the sweets which he fain would cull; but the premature cold breeze of winter, the clouded sun, or sudden approach of evening, cloyed pleasures and sated appetite, produce surfeit, disappointment, and disgust; sickness and sorrow follow, and the insect is no more; his day is done.

The quality or fashion hunter is a mere reptile. He crawls after other insects, or feebly mounts to follow the titled butterfly. His reign is as brief and more contemptible than the former. Not unfrequently, like the silly and obtrusive gnat, he plays round the blaze of power, until he burns his wings and becomes a spectacle for life; or until he consumes his existence entirely, and is destroyed by the dazzling glare of ambition.

Not to dwell on the other varieties, we will come to the fortune hunter, who has a longer and more active course before him; though not less contemptible, and more culpable than the former. He has a substantial object in view, and is ever awake to his own interest, ever alive to his sordid views. He runs not giddily, but creeps warily and like a sportsman on his prey. Intent frequently on destruction, he is steady, cool, artful, patient, and designing. No beauty melts his refrigerated bosom, no female enchantments divert his reasoning powers from their favourite employment of calculation. Pleasure and passion he commands; and undaz-

zled by fashion or by glittering appearance, he looks to the intrinsic, however encumbered with earthly deformity, however degraded in baseness, rusted, mildewed, or disguised. The woman of fortune, if old or infamous, if deformed or disgusting, if base-born or ill-bred, has always attractions for him; whilst simple beauty, in its modest bed, withers by the way-side, or is spurned by the adventurer's foot, in his road to Fortune's temple.

I cannot, myself, conceive a more base, or a more degraded character than this: yet thousands we have, in town and at our fashionable watering-places, who are gazetted fortune hunters, and are known to be "hanging out for wives;" dancing, flattering, fawning, attending on and deceiving one heiress after another, until some one fall a prey to them.

Mr. Flutter, after having dissipated his own fortune, has been at this trade for four-and-twenty years; and has, in the last ten, had what he deems the good fortune to bury two rich wives, without heir or incum-

brance. He is now trying for a third, though rather aged and wholly unattractive, not having the generosity to bestow a fortune on unprovided female merit, nor manliness enough to marry for love. But the worst of all is, that Mr. Flutter, and all such wretches, in their course through life, angle for the affections of beauty and of innocence; and when by inquiry the fortune of the party is not commensurate with their avarice and ambition, they leave the love-sick girl to regret, to wretchedness, and to the pointed finger of scorn: for when a heart is betrayed, although virtue be unimpaired, yet will scandal point out its owner as a deserted damsel, one with whom a match was broken off, a forsaken maid; whilst the fortune hunter is barbarously trying all in his power to create the same interest in another heart, his own callous alike to sympathy or remorse.

The following anecdote of Mr. Flutter will give a pretty striking example of this tribe. Having buried his first wife, in whose breed the Ethiopian cast was very discerni-

ble, he went on a voyage of discovery (as the gold mineralogists often do) to the north. He ascertained that an heiress, who shall now be nameless, dwelt on the border, and that she possessed lands, a castle, and money in the stocks. He immediately cast his net, and it fell, as he imagined, on the bird, a sprightly and very engaging young person.

With this lady he danced, he walked; to her he sighed and wept; he read love sonnets, and made love verses; he was unwearied in his attentions, and had fixed the day for popping the question to her, with the precaution however of being still better informed as to the castle, the acres, and the bank stock. In the course of his extravagant courtship, he extolled her figure to the skies, assured her that a blonde was the goddess of his idolatry, and that an eye like her's (a full humid blue) was an empire in itself. Riding out with her previous to the day of the intended grand attack, after admiring her accomplishments, and even her horse, he informed her that he had seen her

castle, and that he thought it worthy of such a mistress; a most noble, romantic, and desirable spot; that he should be delighted to be her shepherd in those groves, and contented to pass his existence in retirement with her whom he adored.

The young lady had good sense enough immediately to perceive his drift, and bursting out into a fit of laughter, informed him that the castle, the woods, and the fortune, whose beauties and excellencies had so attracted him, and with which he was so deeply in love, belonged to her cousin (of the same name), and that she herself did not possess an acre in the world. Mr. Flutter was struck dumb; he hesitated; he stuttered; he said that he was taken suddenly unwell; but, that he would call again. He however galloped off, and never again beheld the beautiful Maria. The following month he was married to the cousin, a plain deformed young woman, with little black Jewish eyes, who, although warned by her cousin Maria, yet fell into the snare, and survived her happy union only three years.

It would be for the good of womankind, at least, if these goldfinch fanciers were marked men in society, so that they might be avoided by females and treated with contempt by men. Mr. Flutter is, however, very much thought of at Bath, where he is considered to have many winning ways; and he gives it out that he espoused his dingy wife on account of her having manifested an attachment to him, which excited his pity; and that he fell in love with the owner of the castle on account of the strength of her mind—of her walls, he probably meant. “Let no such man be trusted.”

It would be for the good of womanhood
 at least, if these religious tracts were
 carried men to school so that they might
 be enabled by science and treated with
 courtesy to men. The women of the
 very much liberality of mind, when he is
 examined in the same manner, and
 as given to the world in general the things
 of the world in general, and the things
 of the world in general, and the things
 of the world in general, and the things

N° XXIII.

A MORNING DRIVE IN A NOBLE- MAN'S CURRICLE.

A MORNING DRIVE IN A NOBLY
HANG COACH

I have examined the ... Ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness. - - - - -
COWPER.

A MORNING DRIVE IN A NOBLE- MAN'S CURRICLE.

I HAD sauntered down Pall Mall, one day, as far as Carlton House, when I was overtaken by Lord Random, who informed me, that he wanted to speak to me, and requested me to come into his curricule. "Come," said he, "the day is too hot for walking; I have nothing to do; I will set you down where you please; and you might as well bear me company, as indulge your own cogitation thus solitarily." I thanked him, and accepted his proposal. His business was to talk about Lady Mary's intended match; or rather he had no business at all, but was alone. He wanted company; and the opportunity was favourable to pick out of me all that I knew

respecting Lady Mary. In this he failed : but I was now his curricie companion, and destined to pass the morning with him ; for I had nothing particular to do myself, and I anticipated, at least, a pleasant airing.

We first drove to Friburg's, where my Lord tried (which is vulgarly called *tasted*) a variety of snuffs. He looked also at a dozen kinds of cigars and of tobacco, and purchased a little of each article. All this time a crowd was round the curricie, listening to his Lordship's loud talk. This occupied about twenty minutes. From Friburg's we wheeled round, and drove through Pall-Mall and St. James's Street, as if we had been going on life and death.

At the corner of Bennet Street, my Lord pulled up, and conversed with an acquaintance for a few minutes. A few yards further, he stopped again at Hoby's the boot-maker's, and abused the foreman for disappointing him in not sending home some pairs of boots. Here again he talked loud, and collected a host of beggars and idlers about us. Thence we proceeded the short

distance of Dover Street, nodding and nodded at by a numerous acquaintance. I had

We alighted at Morton the gunsmith's. Here his Lordship looked at threescore rifles, double and single barrell'd guns and pistols; inspected some powder and shot; talked of his immense dexterity as a marksman; mentioned many of his sporting feats; praised himself very largely; bought nothing, and remounted his curricl. In all this shooting piece I was mum, taking no part or interest in the concern. He now drove furiously to Scott the tailor's, in Pall Mall, where he alighted; but as we had been one hour at Morton's, and I was tired of a conversation in which I was neuter, I preferred remaining in the curricl; thinking, at the same time, that this would tend to shorten his stay. I was deceived: he remained there an hour also; and so fidgety and unmanageable were his high-mettled cattle, that I was forced to drive them up and down for fifty minutes, expecting to be relieved every moment, and not daring to go out of sight of the tailor's door.

His Lordship apologized, and we drove briskly up towards Oxford Street, making three momentary halts, to shake hands with Bond Street loungers. A Veterinary Surgeon's in Oxford Street was our next destination. Here my Lord had a sick horse; and he begged me to look at it, and give my opinion. I pleaded ignorance; but he would have me out, and indeed I preferred this to the driving up and down, as in Pall-Mall. We alighted, and proceeded to visit the sick horse, which seemed to claim a much greater share of his Lordship's attention than I had done. Seated on the manger, the Peer held forth concerning horse-flesh, the distempers to which these animals are subject, and their general anatomy: and here my Lord seemed to be quite at home. I had now the felicity of listening to various remarks, on the part of the Peer and the Farrier, respecting farcy, glanders, spavin, worms, sand-cracks, and other dirty diseases. We sat there until we all smelt of the stable like ostlers, and until the Peer, pulling out his musical watch, found that it was six o'clock.

It was a little past two when we met in Pall-Mall, and we had therefore been near four hours making these uninteresting calls. "I thought of going to the Park," said he, "but it is now too late; and I must go home to dress: where shall I set you down?" I told him any where he pleased; for I longed to be released from this bondage and loss of time. He set me down at the bottom of Old Bond Street, shook hands with me, and took the direction of Berkley Square.

I leave my reader to judge what benefit I derived from his Lordship's society, what amusement I could have had in his conversation, what advantage I could reap from such an airing, or rather a dusting, up and down the streets in a hot day. But there are many noblemen who thus shackle their acquaintance, and who are vain, presumptuous, and unjust enough to imagine that a Commoner is sufficiently paid for his loss of time, by being their companions a whole long morning in a coroneted carriage, with a couple of servants behind it. These lovers of dependants, of hangers-on, and of shades,

always contrive to catch hold of some complaisant person to keep them company, and to listen to their self-praise, or to their bad jokes, in order to beguile their own time at the expense of the sufferers. These Lordlings will take you to Tattersal's, to their stables, to Long Acre, and to all their tradesmen's, in order to purchase dogs, horses, a carriage, or to look at every thing and buy nothing; or finally, to show off their stud, their landau, barouche, or vis-à-vis, and to impress you with an adequate idea of their own importance, and of the felicity which you possess in being the friend and companion of a Peer.

The only conversation which took place in four hours, on our brief road (if conversation it can be called, where one man speaks all and the other only listens), was his Lordship's account of himself and his detail of the preceding day. It was brought forward to prove the excellence of his constitution, and how he tried it by hard living; and it was nearly as follows:

He rose at three; took a short drive; went into Long Acre, to see his new travel-

ling carriage; bought a brace of spaniels of a dog-breaker, and visited his sick horse; he dined at eight; got plenty of wine; made a party to Vauxhall at midnight; spent twenty pounds in bad Champagne; returned about four in the morning; and enjoyed his own reflections with a German pipe until half past five, when he retired to rest.

What a rational existence! what a useful member of society! But thus is the time of many of our nobility and of our fashionables consumed; equally unbeneficial to themselves, and useless to the community at large. To be the shade of a great man must be the most galling slavery, and would ill suit the independence of my nature; for although I acknowledge that we depend on others for the pleasures of society, yet the kind of dependence which attaches one man to another, merely on account of his rank or of his fortune, is degrading to a free-born man. Few, however, are there of our nobility, who have not some arm-companion, some walking-stick, some shade who follows them every where, and over whom they ex-

ercise their " little brief authority " — that tyranny which one narrow mind practises upon others. These little triumphs of vanity are not only unworthy of true nobility, but also unworthy of man.

If the attending of fanciful ladies on a shopping excursion be annoying, ten times more so is a morning's attendance on great men, as above described. This one morning's lesson served me ever after ; for I took special care never to be so taken in again : nor do I ever remember to have allowed any man, be his rank what it would, to make a tool of me, although the fairer sex have occasionally drawn me into shoppings, morning calls, and once to a portrait painter's ; of which visit my readers shall have an account in the next lucubration of

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ercise their "little brief authority" — that tyranny which one narrow band practices upon others. These little tyrannies of vanity are not only unworthy to true nobility, but also unworthy of man.

If the extending of the tail ladies on a shopping excursion be a novel thing, ten times more so is a moment's abstinence on great men, as above described. This one morning's lesson serves as a warning for a look special care to be taken in regard to the tail ladies. For do I not see that the tail ladies may be the cause of the tail ladies' tail? a fool of me, although the latter sex have occasionally shown the same shopping-morning tail, and once as a painter's picture of which view of London still have an account in the next paragraph.

The Illustration in London

N^o XXIV.

SITTING FOR A PICTURE.

Painter. It is pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,

It tutors Nature : artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Timon of Athens.*

SITTING FOR A PICTURE.

“Do now be a good creature, and accompany me to my painter’s,” were Lady Jane Mandeville’s words, stopping her carriage, on perceiving me at the Cocoa-Tree door. “There is nothing so stupid as sitting for one’s picture,” continued she, “and I know you are a good soul, and will amuse me with your society, during the trying hour of being studied by the painter. Upon my word, I wonder how many a handsome timid girl can stand the trial: it is quite awful: besides, one is so apt to get into low spirits, it is so excessively tiresome. So step into the carriage, and I shall be forever obliged to you. I have given two sit-

tings; yet I perceive something wanting to the likeness which I am at a loss to describe, and which your superior judgment will point out."

The last compliment acted on me as a bribe; yet I saw that it was her ladyship's intention to make a convenience of me. My age, however, and my habits favoured the thing: I was weak enough to be pleased with a remark so much in my favour, and to comply. We arrived at the painter's, and were shewn into a room where the easel and half-finished portrait stood. Lady Jane looked it through, examined, looked again, shook her head, and appeared dissatisfied. "That," said she, "is not me; it wants something; what is it?" "It wants life," replied I, "it wants the variety of expression of your countenance, which changes frequently, and thus cheats the artist of the likeness which he, for a moment, had in his power; another expression, agreeable and engaging, presents itself to his view, and he is compelled to quit the last play of features, which, if continued, would have been perfect. Thus,

for instance, you smiled; he caught that smile, but it died upon your lips, and in your eyes, just as he was impressing it on the canvass. He looks up; he finds you pensive and grave—another countenance! “Pray, my lady, smile again.” You cannot; the next attempt is unnatural; it is not a smile; the artist is puzzled; he looks at you again and again; the charm of the last smile is broken; you make a dozen unsuccessful attempts, in order to satisfy the painter; you grow impatient; the placidity of your brow is ruffled; the artist lays down his brush; he too is out of temper, but he must not show it; he pauses, he reflects, he begs you to sit unconcerned; “Sorry to give you so much trouble;” what can he do?—He paints from recollection, and fails. Now had an approved and an approving, a loved and loving swain, been before you, and had he said, “Lovely Lady Jane, smile as you did this moment, for it was the most wily winning smile I ever beheld,” you would have immediately smiled all heart, and the painter would have seized the happy moment.’

“You are a wicked man, an practised flatterer, a gay deceiver,” exclaimed her Ladyship, hitting me amicably with her parasol; “but do tell me what the picture wants. It is stiff; it is grave; it looks like a woman of thirty; in short, it is not me; and I have half a mind not to take it.”—I saw immediately its defects in her eyes: it was not handsome enough—not ten years younger than herself—in a word, not sufficiently flattering; but I could not tell her so. “It wants,” resumed I, “as I said before, your play of features; it cannot, like you, say the most amiable things in the world, nor do the most friendly ones; it has not your wit, your conversation, your knowledge of the world, and your obliging disposition—such things exist not in canvass; and it is not the painter’s fault. Perhaps,” continued I, “it has a little too much colour.” “Not a bit, (for she was pleased with its improved complexion;) but (concluded she,) it is too old.” “Perhaps it may be.”—She was deeply dissatisfied.

We now heard very loud talking in the

next room. She recognized Mrs. Blossom's voice. "Let us listen," said she. "It is that vain creature, Mrs. Blossom! I am sure if Mr. Varnish takes a faithful likeness of her, it will be a fright, and it will be the first faithful thing about her." "How severe," said I. "Oh! I hate her," answered her Ladyship; "but hush!" Upon listening attentively, we discovered that she was come to get her daughter Laura's portrait taken. The poor artist was to be pitied. Nothing could satisfy her. It had been far more candid to have said—I must have a Venus, instead of my daughter; you must make this woman an angel in picture: the colours must breathe—they must be the *spirante colore* of the Italian artist; yet it must be my daughter, in spite of nature and of art.—"I will have Laura painted at her harp," said Mrs. Blossom. "She must be clad in white—light drapery of exquisite design—her neck and her arms bare—a lily of the valley in her bosom—her raven locks fancifully arranged—one shed over her forehead—a favourite ringlet straying o'er her ivory neck."—"You

paint so beautifully yourself, Madam,' observed the artist, 'that I shall execute nothing half so well; but the young Lady will make a most interesting (laying a false emphasis on resting) picture, and I will do my best to please you; your idea is excellent, and I shall follow it with the utmost care.' "Yes," resumed Mrs. Blossom, "I am allowed to have a very fine taste for painting," (for painting herself she had).

"But stop, not so quick," exclaimed Mrs. Blossom, "another thought has come into my mind. I will have her painted at full length—a light drapery hanging over one shoulder—the other quite bare—her hair *à la victime* behind, and fastened upon the top of the head—one lock over the left shoulder, long, full, and natural, and finely contrasted with the whiteness of her bosom—her head half turned (this was enough to turn it altogether)—her eyes drooping—a book in one hand—the other arm reclining on an elegantly executed pillar." "Very good indeed," cried the painter! "The

young lady's fine silken eyelashes and full eyes will have an excellent effect in this pensive attitude."

"Not at all," interrupted the partial and fanciful mother,—"now I have a better thought: she shall be painted as Diana—a beautiful greyhound of ours at her feet, which will be a double advantage, as it will bring in a favourite—then we will have her drapery looped up in front, it will display her well-proportioned finely-turned instep to advantage—her bow suspended from her shoulders—the head-dress exactly like that of the goddess in question." "Admirable!" exclaimed Mr. Varnish. "Or if she were drawn as Hebe, or"—

Here we had no longer patience, and we left our listening station. "Fool!" cried Lady Jane; and ringing the bell, ordered the footman to remind his master that Lady Jane Mandeville was waiting, and that she was pressed for time. The artist entered, all confusion and excuses, and told us that he had been detained for an hour by a lady,

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

who at last went away undetermined as to how her daughter was to be drawn.

Lady Jane, who had so blamed and so ridiculed Mrs. Blossom for her conceit and fantasticalness, now began herself to play the difficult. She found a thousand faults with the picture, and was quite angry with me for not finding a thousand more. "The eye wants light," observed she. "I will give it a little," answered the painter. "And the bosom should be fuller." He made it so, although it was nearer the truth at first. "It is too old," said she, next. He retouched it. The likeness, or rather the portrait, was more flattering. (Lady Jane) "That's better; Now I'll have the head-dress altered; it shall be like those of the Greek models." (Artist) "Your Ladyship shall be obeyed." "And that nose again is frightful. I am sure that I have not that pert turned-up thing which you have given me." The painter looked all confounded: his eyes said, 'Pray what nose would your Ladyship please to have?' but he could not so express himself. He pon-

dered, and at last painted a very handsome nose quite unlike the original; for Lady Jane is pleasing, without the least pretensions to regularity of features, or to what may be termed beauty, and she has precisely the nose she objected to so much.

By this time the picture was grown very unlike indeed. "That's better," said she, with a nod and a smile. "Come, my friend," continued she, addressing herself to me, "tell me some of your excellent anecdotes, in order to put me in good humour with myself."—"And with me also," modestly added the painter. "There, my Lady, that smile will do inimitably." She turned her head and was uneasy; she looked all impatience; it was lost. "You do not sit so well as you did yesterday—not so pleasantly, nor in such good spirits," observed the artist. "Oh! I remember—yes; I had that rattle, George Myrtle, of the Guards, with me; he kept talking nonsense to me the whole time of my sitting; do excuse me for this morning, and I'll come again to-morrow, and bring

him with me." Mr. Varnish dropped his brush, and bowed disappointment—"Just as your Ladyship pleases."

We all rose together: and, as he was conducting us to the door, we met Mrs. Versatile and Lady Bellamy. "Do, my love," said the former to Lady Jane, "return with me to the painting-room, and see if you can find out my portrait; it is not quite finished, although I have sat ten times."—"Yes," interrupted the artist, "for ten minutes each time."—"But," continued she, "if the likeness be striking, you will know it immediately." We re-entered the room; and, by an approving smile and a glance of Mrs. Versatile's, we discovered a most beautiful picture to be hers, not by the likeness, but by her self-satisfaction at being so flattered. We both agreed that it was uncommonly like. Lady Bellamy grew pale with envy; and Lady Jane observed, hastily, "Mr. Varnish has not taken half so much pains with my picture as with yours." He modestly answered, "Madam, it is not yet finished;" whilst Mrs. Versatile smiled dis-

dain, as much as to say, "Poor silly thing! do you ever expect to look half so well as I do?"

Mrs. Versatile then addressed herself to the artist. "Mr. Varnish, I really do (laying a stress on the last word) beg your pardon for being so troublesome to you, but you must excuse me to-day; I was up all night at a quadrille ball, and I shall fall asleep, or do nothing but yawn, if I sit down. (Turning to the looking glass,) I protest I look quite a fright, I will not (the *not* sounded very positive and emphatically) sit to day." He bowed submission; and it came out afterwards that she had disappointed him five times running. Once she was engaged to a *déjeûné*; once she had a sick head-ache; the third time she disapproved of her dress, which was to be changed; next she looked too pale after riding; and, lastly, she was fluttered, and put out of temper, and could not, as she called it, "bear herself, because she looked so unbecomingly."

To all these changes of temper and dis-

appointments are artists exposed. Her Grace is so disordered by the high wind that she is not fit to be seen;—Lady So-and-so has had no rest, and her eyes look quite red;—Miss Lovemore is so fidgety that she cannot sit still: she is going to a waltz party, and will put off the sitting until to-morrow. Lady Bellamy now put in her word; for she had a picture which did not half please her, and which was to be altered. “Mr. Varnish,” said she, “my husband does not approve of my picture (the case with many husbands, thought I); he says that it is a stiff, prim, formal piece of stuff.” The painter looked all patience. “It is not half so gay as I am (some truth in that); it is unlike about the eyes; it must be touched up again and improved; besides my husband says that he must have me in an easy undress, instead of that crimson robe and feathers.” “Just as your husband pleases,” answered the tormented artist. We now took our leave; and Lady Jane set me down at Hookham’s, observing on the way that Mrs. Versatile’s picture was

not a bit like her, that Mr. Varnish had made a perfect beauty of her, and that she much regretted having her portrait painted by him, as she did not admire his likenesses at all.

On my way home, I could not help ruminating on the painful task of the painter, and recollected that very few of the portraits which we saw in his show-room were strong likenesses of those for whom they were taken. The two great causes for this, however, were, that almost every body wishes to be flattered, while some others have the conceit of being painted in dresses so utterly foreign to their situation in life, that their acquaintances can never possibly have seen them attired in that manner.

There was, for instance, Lord Heavyhead, in the costume of a Roman Senator, which he is as like as he is to a windmill; the Rev. Mr. Preachhard, in a scarlet hunting-frock and black velvet cap, which he used to wear before his ordination, and a fox's brush instead of the bible in his hands; a Captain Fairweather in a suit of polished armour;

a Mrs. Modish as a Magdalen; and the Dowager Lady Lumber as a sleeping Venus, with a rich silk drapery thrown over her. Now who on earth could expect to discover his friends under such disguises? Yet to all these whims and fantasies must the painter submit. His task to please must be difficult.

Of one thing I was convinced, namely, that to picture our acquaintances and friends, or even public characters, strict resemblance without flattery is necessary. The general expression of the countenance, the prevalent habit of the original, and the dress usually worn by her or by him, are equally requisite. Our wife or daughter should be a woman and not a goddess; our friend or acquaintance should be a gentleman and not a hero of antiquity; good execution and correctness of similarity should complete the portrait; else we may have a very fine picture, yet like nobody whom we know,—a mere matter of fancy.

With these remarks, and with this conviction, I shall conclude, professing high

esteem and pity for the meritorious artist thus exposed, and an irrevocable resolution never in future, by accompanying a fanciful lady to have her picture taken, to lose the morning of

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XXV

ANOTHER DISSERTATION ON
PRINTING

N^o XXV.

ANOTHER DISSERTATION ON
PAINTING.

ANOTHER DISSECTION OF
PAINTING

Painting, dejected, views a vulgar band,
From every haunt of dulness in the land,
In Heathen homage to her shrine repair,
And immolate all living merit there.

M. A. SHEE.

ANOTHER DISSERTATION ON PAINTING.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ill-humour in which I parted with Lady Jane Mandeville, I could not help exclaiming to myself, as soon as I was left alone, What a happy art is painting! Like the invention of writing, it triumphs over distance, and even over death; it gives presence to the absent, and immortality to the deceased; it is the balm of friendship, and the happiest embodying of thought! With what delight may the friend or the lover contemplate the features of the face or of the mind that is dear to him, whilst gazing on a striking resemblance. There, words and colours breathe and burn; there, we converse with the far removed, and behold

their very figure and expression. Happy, thrice happy Art!

That this art should possess its highest merit in all its integrity, it should, like the language of friendship, be faithful and true, not too highly wrought and fanciful: it should be wholly unmingled with flattery, which spoils the likeness, and renders language insincere and worthless.

Whilst reflecting on these things, my mind reverted to the subject of portraits and of miniatures, and I considered how people deceive themselves and others, by marring and disguising what ought to be their second selves—the honest representatives of their looks and persons. 'Tis vanity which produces all this—a wish to be more than what we are; younger, handsomer, arrayed in a more costly style, representing some foreign character—in fine, a counterfeit instead of an honest copy. Artists are instructed, directly or indirectly, to this effect in numberless instances; and they meet with nothing but unkindness and defeat wherever a plain person is plainly delineated. Princes, who

marry by proxy, are deceived most unjustly in this particular. For example: in the course of events, some princess on the continent is demanded in marriage; and her mind is inflamed with the idea of becoming the wife of a hero. A very handsome nobleman, in the gayest attire (which is not altogether politic) gives the proxy hand, and is the bearer of a miniature, surrounded with brilliants (a circumstance which always dazzles and misleads), representing the future bridegroom ever younger and handsomer than he is, and which being covered with stars and decorations, looks Majesty itself. Her Royal, or Her Serene Highness (and it is well when the latter is not a misnomer), if she be not captivated by the proxy, arrives on the tiptoe of expectation, and is introduced to her august consort with eagle-eyed anxiety. But what is her disappointment! What her dejection and dismay! when she meets with a plain little man, like a journeyman mechanic, and discovers that every good feature in the picture has been a present of the painter's!

This system of flattering ruins every picture and every person, every court and every courtier; it defeats the intention of preserving a fac-simile, as it were, of what it is to represent. Yet, not only in high life, but in the more middling ranks also, all must have their portraits; and at the same time, all must have their proportion of comeliness, let Nature have treated them how she may. A strong instance of this kind occurred in the following example:

Mr. Lovegain, a very opulent trader, but a very plain man, was anxious to hand down his resemblance to posterity. He had just been elected an alderman; and Mrs. Lovegain was desirous that his full length, clad in his civic robes, should grace her dining-parlour. The alderman's complexion was very sallow; yet was a suit of mourning chosen for his dress, because it looked grave, courtly, and above the vulgar herd. Independently of the plainest set of features which nature ever bestowed on one of her least favoured children, Mr. Lovegain had an expression of "scoundrelism," a something mean and bad,

that it would be difficult to describe. His hair was harsh, and inclining to grey, but it was judged tasteful to give him a Brutus wig, probably on account of his magisterial capacity, and of his being a stern republican at heart. This completed the natural severity of his brow—the suspicious and half-closed eye, the lip of mockery, and the air of rancour and discontent of his countenance, misanthropical in the extreme, and seeming as if it was always denouncing some one, and saying, with a snarl, “There’s something rotten in the state.”

In spite of all these natural defects for a portrait, the alderman must be painted, and the artist was instructed by him to make a strong likeness. Mrs. Lovegain and his daughters, too, were urgent in their applications that much pains might be bestowed upon the picture; and Miss said, that if *Pa’s* picture was well-finished, she would have her own drawn; nay, that she would try to prevail on *Pa* to have a family piece executed, comprising *Ma* and five children, and taking in a favourite mongrel dog, and the black servant following them.

The prospect of extensive gains induced Mr. Varnish to give the portrait most particular attention; and it was an almost speaking resemblance, insomuch, that its stern aspect frightened all the children, and set every dog barking which came to the painter's house—whilst numbers, who knew the alderman, would exclaim, on the very first glance, at their entering the room, "Mr. Lovegain! the strongest resemblance in the world!" and that in despite of the disguise of the Brutus wig and of the civic robe, in which few had seen him.

Notwithstanding all this, Mrs. Lovegain was quite frantic with rage, that her husband should be painted thus. It was a shame; it was a caricature; it amounted to a libel; it was more like Shylock than an honest merchant;—she would not allow it to be paid for; it should never come within her doors; she would expose the artist: in short, in one of her paroxysms of rage, she was about to take up a brush and rub out the face. A bandy leg, too, lit up her anger most dreadfully; and she said, that although Mr. Lovegain had a little protuberance on his shin—

bone, and a small deviation from a right line in his limb, yet there was no need for putting it in the picture, and it was the height of impertinence thus to magnify his little defects.

Mr. Varnish promised to give him a new pair of very well-proportioned legs, and to bestow on his features a smile of humanity (a thing quite unknown to this money-maker); and suggested that the hair powdered would throw a light on the subject. All would not do: Miss Lovegain opened a torrent of abuse on the artist; and declared "She should hate *Pa*, if he was like that picture, and that he must begin it all over again." In this the alderman coincided, saying bluffly, that "He knew that he was no beauty, but he'd be hanged if he was half as ugly as that *ere*."

The humbled artist began all *de novo*, and gave the citizen a pair of as goodly legs as ever an Irish fortune-hunter sported at the rooms at Bath. He humanized the countenance as much as he could without losing sight of all resemblance. The Brutus wig, however, being insisted upon by the alder-

man's lady, it was adopted a second time, and the picture, although still that of a very ugly man, was highly finished in point of execution. The alderman looked surly, and shook his head at the conclusion of the last sitting, and observed, that "As for himself; he did not much care, but that he feared Mrs. Lovegain would not let the picture go to his house." The artist expostulated, and humbly represented that he had done two portraits for the price of one; that he had bestowed uncommon pains, attention, and time on them; and that they had been universally deemed striking likenesses. He mentioned a very long list of persons, amongst whom were some capital artists, who had pronounced them to be so, and offered to give the picture for nothing if Mr. Lovegain would bring any dispassionate judge with him, who should decide otherwise. The experiment was tried, and succeeded to the satisfaction of all but Mrs. Lovegain and her daughter; the former of whom asked the painter, "If he thought that she would ever have married such an ugly monster as

that:" and the latter exclaimed that "She had no patience with Mr. Varnish's impertinence, and that she should be ashamed of her *Pa*, if he were the mean-looking wretch which that picture made him look."

Driven to despair, the poor artist thought of an expedient, and he told the irritated ladies that he would execute a third portrait, and claim nothing if they were dissatisfied with it. He thought of a stratagem, which the sitter agreed to, in consequence of the loss of the artist's time. The figure of the second picture was cut out; but the background, in which stood the alderman's villa and the favourite dog, was preserved. Mr. Lovegain was put into the hollow space, and placed opposite a large mirror, in the other corner, the view of which was commanded the moment the folding doors of the apartment opened. Mrs. Lovegain and her daughter were invited up stairs, and the artist considered his victory over prejudice as certain. What was his astonishment at Mrs. Lovegain's fury, when, on opening the door, she exclaimed, "Worse and worse!"

There is no bearing this," and throwing her parasol at the mirror, which she broke into numberless pieces, ran out of the room in hysterics. The alderman, however, paid the damage; and the artist's cause was avenged.

The idea of being painted that year was now given up. On the following one, however, a flattering artist at Tunbridge Wells, on a trading trip, hit off the alderman to the entire satisfaction of his whole family, giving him three inches in stature, plaining off the rotundity of his stomach, straightening his legs, and throwing such a good-natured smile on his countenance, that he became quite an amiable character. His friends all allowed that the villa, and the dog in the back-ground, were strikingly like; but the figure in the fore-ground was recognized by no one except by his wife and his daughter. To give it, however, every possible advantage and distinction, a very magnificent frame was purchased for it. The alderman's coat of arms, consisting of a sable ground, divided by a chevron, with a gold ball and two money-shovels on it; a hog for a crest

(which might have been mistaken in the pictures), and the motto "*Omnium*," surmounted the fine whole-length; and, on a label at the bottom was inscribed, in letters of gold,

"JEREMIAH LOVEGAIN, ESQUIRE,
OF MIDDLEDITCH HOUSE,
MIDDLESEX.

Alderman, et cetera, et cetera."

The picture was now reckoned complete, though it was such a daub that it was considered as a failure even throughout the city: it has, however, answered one end, in affording a subject for the animadversions of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF

N^o XXVI.

ON GIVING AND RECEIVING.

You gave with words of so sweet breath composed,
As made the things more rich.

SHAKESPEARE.

Ce qu'on nomme libéralité, n'est souvent que la vanité de donner,
que nous aimons mieux que ce que nous donnons.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ON GIVING AND RECEIVING.

FROM the two circumstances of giving and receiving, the human character is more easily learned, than from almost any other act in life. You may read a person's heart in his countenance on such an occasion; nay more, you may discover from the very gesture—the turn of the arm, whether the donor be benevolent and delicate, gentle and well bred, or whether he be ostentatious, haughty and brutal. In like manner, you may perceive the gentleman or the fellow, the man of feeling or of interest, the sufferer or the impostor in the receiver.

The man of delicacy and of sensibility gives with a smiling and graceful counte-

nance, bends gently forward, and drops or insinuates his donation into the receiver's hand, often presses that hand in token of kindness, or in order to conceal the amount of the gift, and, as whenever he can find an opportunity he puts it on a shelf, table, or a drawer, retiring precipitately if it be the receiver's house; but he does this without noise, in order to avoid either ostentation or thanks. If this be at his own house, he dismisses the subject of the gift, and makes the obliged as much at home as himself. The well-bred man and the man of the world spares the feelings of the receiver, by conversing cheerfully on some subject unconnected with the donation, by giving the present with the utmost gentleness, and without gesticulation, and by looking at parting as if he had received, instead of conferring a favour. The very handling of the money bespeaks the man of fashion, or the unmannered churl. The former has it always ready, never apparent, conceals it in the palm of his hand, or goes to fetch it from another room, and wraps it up in paper,

or writes an order payable to bearer (not to so and so, with a view of trumpeting the transaction), folds it up and seals it, and delivering it with a rounded elbow, and a kind of obeisance, and a graceful presentation, adds, "I am happy in complying with your wishes; or, when you peruse this at home, I trust it will answer your purpose."

The ostentatious, haughty brute, who always, whether he subscribe to an institution, purchase a work of art, take tickets for a benefit, or relieve distress, does it from pride and the love of praise, makes as much of his donation as he possibly can, and keeps the expectant wretch in the agonies of uncertainty or wavering hope for some time, whilst he dives down into the profundity of his pocket, or, rummaging for a vulgar looking pocket-book, opens it like his bible (and for the same purpose) as wide as he can, to show the extent of the exertion, and to let every one see what he is doing; then, perhaps, tantalizes the needy artist, the embarrassed performer, or the hungry solicitor of aid, with the sight of a number of heavy

notes, 100l. 50l. 20l. 10l. and, at last, scrutinizes a 1l. note, for fear it should be a 2l., and gives it to the blushing, bowing, or trembling receiver. If it be a gift in money, he rings it on the table, or holds it out as he would to a pauper in the street. Sometimes he neutralizes his sham-generosity with a gross remark, and generally destroys his act of service, by the more than equivalent of feeling, which his victim pays in return.

These *soi-disant* generous men are fond of having their names in print, in return for their money. They like to take receipts, expect to be thanked, and to be written to; and whether they grant or refuse the petitioned boon, the letter is made as public as possible. "Take this to my banker and he will pay you," is a common phrase of their's; or, "send for my steward or clerk: Mr. Scrub, give this gentleman ten pounds and take his receipt;" or, "pay my subscription to this person;" or, "you'll give this man (a name which the purchaser don't deserve) fifty guineas for his picture;" or, "one guinea for his book,—I don't want it,

but he says (a stress on the word) that he is in distress;" or, "I see a good list of subscribers to it, though (with a laugh) I never read."

This inhumanity, founded on a narrow mind and stinted heart, this upstart plant of presumption, grafted on ignorance, is not alone confined to the lower classes, forced by low means and dirty materials into gaudiness and prosperity, as tulips are sprung from the drain and dunghill on the land. Even men of rank occasionally betray such a want of feeling as must lower them in the eyes of humble merit, and disgrace them in the presence of an observing by-stander. Such persons insult, when they profess to confer an obligation, and inflict an injury when they, lyingly, pretend to serve.

A certain Peer ordered his livery servant, when a petitioner called, to give the poor gentleman ten pounds! thus intrusting the gentleman's secret to a valet and a pimp (for he was both); and exposing an honourable man to the contempt of the basest of the base. "Oh! it's you, Sir," said the liveried varlet:

“ my Lord can't be seen, but he ordered me to give you ten pounds : here it is, Sir.” The gentleman very properly replied, “ John, you will take the ten pounds to my Lord, and tell him, that I should receive them from no other hand but his own, could I prevail upon myself to accept them at all, after this act of arrogance and of baseness of mind.” A few hints like those would benefit the great ones of the land.

With regard to those who receive, the gentleman does so with placidity and even with dignity. If he have sold a work of ingenuity or of science, he has only made a fair exchange. If he receive a favour or assistance, modesty and gravity mark his attitude and countenance. He never hastily pockets the amount, but keeps it in his hand until he retire, politely and quietly. A very distressed object sometimes receives with an increased blush or with a tear. When this is the case the donor is overpaid. A professional man generally smirks and smiles, bows, acts about, pockets the cash, which he examines almost before he has left you,

and retires delighted. The impostor clenches his hand on its contents, and secures it's possession as it were. He looks as if he had hoaxed you, overacts gravity and feeling, says too much in the way of thanks, and either retreats precipitately (his job being done), or glides like a thief out of your presence.

I know a great man whose table is always covered with open letters and petitions. He wishes to pass for a very good man; but the moment that I saw his table thus strewed with exposed secrets and betrayed distress, I lost my former good opinion of him; for a man blessed with any sensibility would have sooner attended to these applications, and then, after relieving the wretchedness, he would have burnt these painful records. How true is the French adage! "*C'est la façon de faire qui fait tout.*"

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp contrast to the warm blanket I had been sitting under. I looked up at the sky, which was a pale, hazy blue. The air was still, and the silence was broken only by the distant hum of traffic. I took a deep breath, feeling the cool air fill my lungs. The ground beneath my feet was wet and slick, reflecting the light from the sky. I walked slowly, my steps echoing on the pavement. The world around me seemed to be holding its breath, waiting for something to happen. I felt a sense of anticipation, a mix of excitement and nervousness. The day was just beginning, and I knew that whatever was to come, it would be unforgettable.

N^o XXVII.

EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY IN
HIGH LIFE.

New fangled sentiment, the boasted grace
Of those who never feel in the right place.

COWPER.

EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY IN HIGH LIFE.

“ You see me,” said Lady Susan Sensitive, “ in very great affliction. I sent for you to accompany me to the blue-stockings party of our old friend, Mrs. Mirabel ; but an unfortunate accident has quite unhinged me.” I now perceived that she was in a great state of agitation, having tears in her eyes, and a little favourite mule bird, placed in her bosom, breathing out its last ; I expressed my sorrow for the situation of her favourite, and enquired how this unlucky event had occurred ? “ That stupid wretch,

Barnes," said she, "who has been in my father's family, and, since his demise, in mine, altogether twenty years, has squeezed the poor little darling behind the door. You know how tame the dear creature was; how it used to hop about the room; perch on my bosom, and on my finger; take its food from no one but myself; in short, how wrapped up in it I was."

Here the little animal was convulsed, which caused Lady Susan's tears to flow profusely. "I hate to hurt any thing," continued she; "to my knowledge, I never deprived any thing of life in my existence; no, not a worm, nor a fly. I was always of opinion, that the world was wide enough for us all; that what nature gave life to, man had no right to deprive of it. At one time I lived upon bread, fruit, and vegetables, but my health suffered by it, and I regret the not being able to continue this diet. I often, too, feel low spirited at thinking how many ephemeris and animalculi we may trample on, and destroy, involuntarily, in

the course of the day ; for each of these, as Shakespeare beautifully describes,

“ In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great

“ As when a giant dies.”

“ I have a nephew, whom I have never forgiven, because, when at school, he shewed me a paper covered with butterflies : the dear little insects were all transfixd with pins, and must have died ten deaths before they expired.” Here the poor little bird stretched out its slender legs, and resigned the vital spark. Lady Susan turned towards me, and sunk upon my arm. She could not bear the sight. I rang the bell, got her own maid to remove the little favourite from her bosom, to wrap it up in a cambric pocket handkerchief, and to fetch a glass of water. When she revived, she became hysterical, and exclaimed, “ Oh ! the monster Barnes ! Take away my darling, and have him stuffed : let him be put in a glass case, and fixed in my bedroom ; remove his cage, for it breaks my heart to look at it,” et cetera, et cetera, —the mingled inconsistencies of regret, anger, remembrance, affection, and of refined

and exquisite sensibility. I tried all in my power to comfort her; but in vain. I assured her that pity was most becoming, most enchanting, in a female. "Pity," said I,

"— is heaven's, and yours, nor can it find

"A throne so soft as in a woman's mind."

At the same time, I conjured her to be comforted, observing, that her favourite was out of pain. "Don't repeat that," said she, hastily: "that is the remark of unfeelingness. I could wish the poor creature in life again, in my bosom, tended and petted as he formerly was. Out of pain, indeed! Yes, but don't I feel his loss?" "Certainly," answered I; "but you should not indulge such inordinate grief; your health is dear to many; and your friends and fellow-creatures claim too much of your sympathies, to allow so large a portion of it to be wasted on a departed bird. You were good to it during its life; you are good to every thing," continued I; "and, having thus done your duty by it, dry up your tears, and exercise those

tender feelings which do honour to your heart, on other and on living beings, or beings which I must say are of higher magnitude ; while, at the same time, I allow that humanity, benevolence, and pity, ought to be exercised towards all created beings."

All this produced not the smallest effect. She still wept, and wrung her hands. Night was wearing on ; and she insisted upon my not disappointing the party ; requesting me, at the same time, to be the bearer of her regrets and of her excuses. " Say " (concluded she) " that I am unwell, and you will say true ; for I am quite overcome by this accident : but do not expose my weakness, else the company, and my own sex in particular, will turn me into ridicule, and will accuse me of affectation ; it is not every one who can enter into these finer feelings. They will not give me credit for what I suffer ; therefore, name not the circumstance. Fare you well ; and call here to-morrow to tell me all about your party. Pray don't let them abuse me ; for I would not injure the veriest reptile in the world."

With this, we parted; and I resolved to call on her the next day. Her humanity charmed me; and I thought of a thousand traits in her character, as I went along, which had exhibited it. I remember being at her cottage in Surrey, where I saw her, in the inclemency of the season, prepare asylums, and storehouses of provisions, for the tenants of the air; I have seen her feeding all the inhabitants of her aviary; I have witnessed her care of her dogs, her pet goat, a lamb brought up by hand. She never allowed her horses to be struck in the stable, nor unmercifully ridden: she turned out the old ones in her paddock for life. Her care of sick animals was unique. In short she appeared to me to be the very soul of sensibility; and I regretted that she had never had to fulfil the interesting duties of a wife, or of a mother, to both of which she must have been an ornament and an honour.

I arrived at the blue-stockings party, and made her apology. "Nonsense," said Mrs. Mirabel: "I suppose her lapdog is troubled

with the heartburn ; or her cockatoo taken ill ; or else that she has lost a canary bird ; or that one of her pampered cats is seized with paralysis." I said not a word. But the story of the mule bird was brought in about an hour after by Mrs. Marvel. " Wretched woman !" exclaimed Mrs. Mirabel : " she had better assist the poor ; give money to her starving nephew ; treat her servants with more humanity ; and curb her unmeasurable pride,—than to play off these airs, and to divide her affections betwixt useless and offensive dogs, invalid cats, pensioned parrots, and over-fed, disgusting monkeys."

" Aye," said the Dowager Countess, " and go to church, give some good example, and shew a little more hospitality with her immense fortune, in lieu of squandering it in a perfect menagerie, and living amongst beasts and birds, instead of amongst men." ' Yes, indeed,' interrupted Mr. Problem, ' I should be very much afraid of being a favourite of her Ladyship. Such confusion does she make betwixt the man and the monkey ; betwixt

the puppy and the beau; the rational and irrational being; that a man would run the risk of hearing her exclaim to the quadruped, " Bless his little heart," (a favourite expression of her Ladyship); and to the intellectual being, (a smile,) " poor thing, what is the matter with it ? " (a louder laugh).

" As for me," said Mrs. Marvel, " I would much sooner be her magpie," (a titter, ' not unlike,' whispered more than one) " than her maid: the magpie would have by far the greater chance of being well used;—the poor maid might be sacrificed for a silver bodkin, although it would be high treason in her to hurt a feather of the bird's wing." " There is not a prouder woman in the world," continued her Ladyship, " nor one who treats her servants with more rigour and austerity. She deducted five guineas from a poor scullion, for breaking a large China dish: she never takes bad money in change, but lays the loss on her footmen, scores of whom she has discharged for treading upon a puppy, or for neglecting the dowager Poodle. Her cruelty, also, to her two cousin Germans, an

officer's orphans, beggars all description; and her imperious treatment of a modest dependant, a relation too, almost broke her heart, and forced her to resign her place in the house, and to go as teacher to a boarding school."

I could scarcely credit a statement so at variance with appearances. "This must be envy," said I, to myself; and I was resolved to investigate the matter as closely as possible; for on the truth or falsehood of these assertions must depend my respect or my contempt for her Ladyship. The result of my inquiries was, that all these facts were fully proved; that her excessive pride towards her dependants, her domestics, and all those whom she considered as her inferiors, equalled the lively description in Ariosto, which represents the swellings of pride so admirably,

"Come calei che tutto il mondo asdegno,

"Et non le par ch'alcum sia de lei degno;"

that she had taken an early dislike to a nephew, towards whom she had acted with

the greatest unfeelingness; that her poor female relation was occupied in cleaning bird-cages, tending dogs, and reading to her, from morn till night, and was treated more like one of the brute creation herself, than as a fellow-creature and a relative; that the orphans alluded to were received by her Ladyship with the most repulsive *hauteur*, and the most unfeeling indifference; that she used to make a parade of visiting them in their obscure lodging, where one of them lay dangerously ill, and was often thrown into a tremor, or awakened from a feverish disordered sleep by the thunders of her Ladyship's footman at the door; that, in these visits, she seemed to seek rather to humiliate than to comfort them, and was incessantly reminding them of their poverty, and advising them to go either into service, or into some little, degrading trade,—advice which was never accompanied by the pecuniary assistance that might have enabled them to follow it.

To common beggars, I was informed, she not only never afforded relief, but broke,

towards them, one of the most sacred laws of humanity, which teaches us never to insult or to censure the wretch whom we cannot relieve. Poverty is misery enough to those who endure it, without being exposed to the taunts or to the frowns of the opulent and great ; whilst a word of commiseration may possess more true charity than the actual pecuniary gift of haughtiness and of pride. That she discharged the faithful old servant who involuntarily killed the bird, and left him to beggary, from mere revenge ; and, lastly, that her appearance of charity was ostentation, and a love of being put in print ; just as her humanity for the insect, or minor animal world, was a compound of habit, of weakness, and of affectation, exercised by pride over dependence, and theatrically displayed in order to gain admiration.

Disappointment, I understood, had made her adopt a single life, and she now elected her favourites from out of the brute creation. There are many Lady Susans, I am sorry to say. There exist females, who

can weep over a bullfinch, yet who can withdraw the averted eye and turn the deaf ear from shivering wretchedness and roofless want; — women, so lost to humanity, as to dispense, with their own hands, pulled turkey, minced chicken, and boiled veal or lamb, to their lapdogs, whilst the crumbs which fall from their luxurious table are withheld from their fellow-creatures, and whilst hungry wretches are driven from their gate by slavish insolence in livery lace ! It is impossible to know that such things are, and not to sigh over them,—at least it is impossible to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N^o XXVIII.

A VISIT TO MY FRIEND

AT HIS

COUNTRY SEAT.

"O rus, quando te aspiciam." HOR.

O knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale with a choice few retiréd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

THOMPSON.

I was now about to judge for myself as to all these particulars
great deal of the magnificence of his house—
clination and went thither. I had had a
from London. I at last did violence to my in-
both Riverbank at his retreat, twenty miles
yet after a whole winter of promising to visit
used a thousand invitations to the country,
ment for a town. He is said, that I have re-

A VISIT TO MY FRIEND

AT HIS

COUNTRY SEAT.

I HAVE always preferred the “shady side of Pall Mall” to any other shady groves or bowers in the world. But though my attachment for a town life is such, that I have refused a thousand invitations to the country, yet after a whole winter of promising to visit Lord Riverbank at his retreat, twenty miles from London, I at last did violence to my inclination and went thither. I had heard a great deal of the magnificence of his house—of his improvements and his hospitality, and I was now about to judge for myself as to all these particulars.

I accordingly threw myself into a post-chaise, and arrived at Riverbank Park about two o'clock, P.M. I inquired for my Lord, and was informed that he was busy, but would be with me immediately. Her Ladyship was employed in stag-hunting. I next asked for the young Lord, and found that he was fishing:—Lady Ann, the eldest daughter?—she was out with the coachman, learning to drive:—Lady Elizabeth?—she was with her drill-master; that is to say, with a Sergeant of the Guards, who was putting her through her facings, and teaching her to march:—Lady Mary?—she was lying down. “Bless me,” said I, “the family are oddly employed! But I am sorry for Lady Mary’s indisposition.” “She is not indisposed at all,” replied the Butler, “she is lying flat on the floor for an hour, by order of her Ladyship, by way of improving her shape.” “And Mademoiselle Martin, the governess?” added I,—“Is,” answered the Butler, “waltzing with a young officer who is on a visit here, for amusement’s sake,” “whilst Lady Mary is thus stretched on a board. Preposterous!” muttered I to myself.

The nursery was now let loose, and the infantine race crowded about me, hid under the skirts of my coat, and insisted upon my playing at battledore and shuttlecock with them, which I reluctantly did. At length, after the lapse of an hour, my Lord made his appearance in a very slovenly undress, his hands quite dirty, and an unfinished needle-case between his finger and thumb. He had been turning in his workshop (his favourite amusement), and apologized for his delay. His first anxiety was to shew me his shop, his tools, and his performances. He then stunned me with the noise of a wheel, and presented me with a pencase, which I could have bought, better done, for sixpence. His next care was to take me over his improvements, which business lasted two hours, and fatigued me exceedingly. I had the honour to visit his piggery, to get knee-deep in straw and manure in his farm-yard, to catch cold after walking fast in his dairy, and to assist him in reclaiming a horse which broke through a fence. In our walk, he praised himself a good deal, talked to me of

the size of his cattle, and added something about a cross in his sheep, which escaped my attention at the time, and which is not worth the trying to remember.

We now came in to dress for dinner, and the family assembled together. Lord Green-thorn had caught three small fish, and had pricked his finger whilst baiting his hook. The Serjeant was heard in praise of Lady Ann, who performed as well, he said, as if she had been an old soldier. Coachee was interrogated respecting Lady Elizabeth, who, he assured my Lord, would in a short time make a very pretty whip. The Governess's evidence was not so favourable to Lady Mary, who, she complained, would not be still a minute. This was very bad; but Lady Mary stated in her defence, that it was impossible whilst waltzing was going on. My Lord patted her on the head; and, turning to me, observed, "She's a fine wild girl, an't she?" to which I assented.

Dinner was now served up in a sumptuous style, but all was stiffness and formality. I was seated next to her Ladyship, whose

conversation ran upon the pleasures and the dangers of the chase. She had been twice up to the saddle in water, had been once nearly knocked down by the bough of a tree, and had taken some very desperate leaps. My Lord talked to the Curate, all dinner time, about farming, with all the ardour of a theorist and all the ignorance of a novice. Lady Ann and Lady Elizabeth quarrelled together most part of the time, about the trimming of their dresses. Mademoiselle Martin appeared to be the great favourite of the young Officer; and Lady Mary annoyed me by asking a thousand silly questions about what was doing in town,—what was the last fashion, if I could get her a new novel, and the like.

The circulation of the bottle, after dinner, was slow and confined. The Parson drank two to one to his neighbour. The *militaire* tippled wine and water, complaining of being feverish; and soon left us, that he might walk with the young ladies and their governess, who kept them running races, whilst she was flirting with the Captain.

Lord Riverbank now proposed another stroll, but I declined it, on account of my morning's fatigue. I accordingly went up to the drawing-room, where I found her Ladyship sleeping on the sofa, overcome with her hard riding; and Miss M'Clintach, a Highland unmarried lady of about fifty, whose pardon I beg for not having named her at dinner. This Caledonian lady is the quintessence of old maidishness, yet affected in the extreme, and much inclined to be taken for twenty-five years of age. She is so formal however withal, that she would not sit next a man at table, for fear he should touch her by accident with his knee.

When the walking party returned, cards were proposed; but we could not make up a table. Miss M'Clintach said it did not do for young people to gamble, and (in a very broad accent) observed, that cards were the *deevle's bukes*. Waltzing was then mentioned; and two couples began, whilst the third sister played on the piano forte. There was a quarrel at starting, as to who was to have the Captain for a partner. The eldest

daughter, however, claimed the right of primogeniture, whilst the second sister danced with tears in her eyes for disappointment, and Mademoiselle looked as black as a thunder-cloud. I was set down to cards with the Parson, and lost every game at piquet. Lord Greenthorn established a game at forfeits for the younger children, and in this Miss M'Clintach joined, by way of appearing young and innocent. When, however, it came to her turn to be saluted, she made a most desperate resistance, appealing to the higher powers, and exclaiming wery loudly, and in her broadest northern accent, "*A beg leave to state, that a set my fece against the measure entirely.*" A roar of laughter from all quarters followed this remark; and the cause was given against the lady, who slapped the young Lord's face, and retired in a rage, amidst thundering applause, or rather thundering mirth at her expense.

Lord Riverbank, fatigued with turning, now fell asleep; and I, taking the hint, slipped unperceived to my room, where I noted

down all the transactions of the day. After breakfast, the following morning, I took my leave, resolved never again to pass such a day in the country, unless brought there on some most urgent and pressing occasion. My Lord's estate is a fine one, his house is roomy and expensively fitted up; but comfort is no where to be found in his domains; and as for improvements, there is great room yet for many more, beginning with the family itself.

On my way home, I could not help thinking that there was much truth in a remark of a Frenchman, who stated as his opinion, that we find in life fewer things positively and intentionally bad, than things out of place, *des choses déplacées*. This led me to consider the pursuits and pleasures of the Riverbank family, all innocent in themselves, but quite out of place, as if the family had changed sexes, sides, and conditions, and did every thing by a rule contrary to propriety.

Thus, had Lord Riverbank been stag-hunting and Lady Riverbank fishing,—had

the young Lord been in the hands of his drill-serjeant, or driving out for the purpose of becoming an able charioteer,—had Lady Ann been dancing, in the place of her governess,—and had Lady Elizabeth, and the recumbent Lady Mary, been employed at their music or at study, whilst Mademoiselle might be ornamenting their dresses; it strikes me that the pursuits of the family would have been more analogous to the age, sex, rank, and understandings of its members. As for the turning, carpentry, and the cabinet-making, they might have been omitted altogether.

We indeed hear of a royal locksmith, and of one King's making buttons and another being employed in the art of embroidering, (a courtly thing enough, when not performed by a needle); yet cannot tailoring, or any other operative, mean, handicraft trade, ever be fitted for royalty, or even for manhood. The sceptre should never be exchanged for the hammer or the saw, nor the sword laid aside for the bodkin or scissars. To honest mechanics let such occupations be

left, they are suited to their education and their habits ; but the nobleman or gentleman who makes amusements of them, is surely encroaching on the sphere of another, to his own discredit.

His mind must be sadly confined, and his time must hang heavy indeed, who would plane and saw, and hammer and nail, whilst the book of nature and science is spread out before him,—whilst his library is open to his researches, the whole face of the earth to his improvement, and whilst his country may demand his services in the senate or in the field. I beg pardon of the mechanical class among the quality of my acquaintance, but I cannot help saying, that I would send a Lord cabinet-maker, turner, or tailor, to keep company with a Lady shoe-maker or farrier ; for such there are, and not at all admired by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

Thro' tattered clothes small vices do appear,
Robes and furred gowns hide all.—Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags—a pigmy straw doth pierce it.

KING LEAR.

DELICATE DISTINCTIONS.

“How sorry I was to see Lady _____’s name in print,” said Lady Leonora Ogle, the other day. “I knew of her unfortunate attachment to the Colonel long ago. One can hardly blame her: she ought to have been married to him; but he was too poor. The attachment has lasted for ten years. How unlucky that it should have been exposed at last. She is much to be pitied.” “And her lord,” said I, “Oh! the nasty disagreeable creature.”

Oh, ho! cried I to myself, scratching my forehead, I was right never to have married. This is a delicate distinction, indeed, only fitted for high life. An illicit intercourse is

called, in the circles of haut ton, an unfortunate attachment! and, because the lady has dishonoured her husband for years, 'tis a pity that she should be found out! She can hardly be blamed for marrying a man that she hates, because he is rich! nor for making him a cloak for her sins, because her lover is handsomer and poorer than he! and he is not to be pitied, because, irritated by well-grounded suspicion, he becomes a disagreeable creature! Very pretty, indeed!

A moment after, a very elegant young man entered the drawing-room. He played off all the airs of an exquisite of the world, looked grave and interesting, sighed, complained of ennui, of his unlucky stars, and made his visit short. "I saw you in the King's Road, with you know who, yesterday," said she, at parting. "No! did you?" replied he, in a silvery tone. "I'm always seen by somebody; I am an unfortunate wretch. Adieu! *au revoir*."

"I do like that young man," exclaimed she with much interest. "Indeed every body likes him but his frump of a wife. I

wonder how he could sell himself to a lump of warehouse vulgarity and of riches picked up in the dirt. The daughter of a packer to aspire to such a man as that! or to conceive for a moment that he could like her! He is desperately attached to Mrs. —, and I fear there will be a discovery there before it be long. I have no patience with his jealous-pated spouse, she torments the poor fellow to death."

"And you pity him, too," said I. "I do," concluded her ladyship, "from the bottom of my heart." Another nice distinction. A common man, who squandered his wife's means, lived with another woman, and treated her with scorn, would be reckoned a vagabond and a reprobate, and the honest woman of a wife's case would be commiserated: but here the wife is blamed for not submitting gracefully and genteelly to adultery; and her presumption is excessive in expecting any thing else from so elegant a man.

Riding in the Park, I fell in with — of the Guards. We took a turn or two, and met George Rackrent. "I am astonished,"

said I, "at seeing him about again. I understood that he was in prison, and that he had not a shilling left in the world out of his large fortune. What an imprudent man he has been!" "True," said the old Captain; "but I'm happy to tell you that he is now as fresh as ever; he has quite made a recover; he is brought round, and lives as comfortably as any man, and in pretty good style. He has taken the benefit; and has, moreover, been very lucky at play of late. I rather (with great emphasis and elongation on the *rather*, which he spoke in a low tone, and divided into two distinct syllables)—I rather think that he has been put up; but I assure you he is as good-natured and generous a fellow as ever lived; and, in spite of all his misfortunes, he has not lost a friend, nor does he owe a gaming debt in the world."

Here's discrimination for you! He throws away his own fortune in gambling, in horse-racing, and in all sorts of debauchery; he pays his gaming debts in preference, and to the exclusion of his banker, his wine-merchant, his tailor, his butcher, and a host

of minor creditors, who may be ruined by such conduct on his part; he degrades himself by taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act; he sets up in good style, instead of making an effort to be honest; he learns to cheat at cards and at dice; and yet, because he prefers fleecing strangers to his friends, who very likely have little to lose, or may be as clever as himself, he is a good-natured generous fellow! nay, an honourable one, although it is rather thought that he lives by plunder! What would a tradesman be thought of who lived beyond his means and above his sphere; then cheated his creditors, and afterwards subsisted by fraudulent practices?

This delicate distinction is something like my cousin Tom's calling himself an old soldier, because he had learned to sell a horse for more than it was worth, to take advantage of a novice at billiards, to play a good rubber at whist, and because he received obligations of every one without returning any——such as sponging upon a greenhorn, sharing the extravagance of a

profligate, betting with the odds in his favour, and hoaxing the ignorant in all gentlemanly ways. Quære, Whether this is not being not only very unlike a soldier, but very like a rogue?

Lastly, a servant woman came to Lady Leonora to be hired, on another morning when I was present. Her ladyship asked her why she left her last place? "Why, my lady," said she, "to confess the truth, I was deceived by a young man who had promised to marry me." Then, said her ladyship, sternly, "You will not suit me, for I cannot encourage vice." I expostulated with her ladyship, and assured her, that the girl's misfortune was just as natural as her other friend's *faux pas*, and that I should have expected her ladyship's pity on this occasion to be as charitable and as extensive as on the former. But her ladyship made a very nice distinction betwixt the orders of society, with the view of convincing me that there was all the difference in the world between the cases.

Thus vice in the vulgar herd is error in

people of quality ; an adulterous intercourse in low life is an unfortunate partiality in high life ; extravagance in people of humble birth is mere want of order in people of fashion ; dishonesty in common people is thoughtlessness in their betters ; and robbing with dice in your hand, instead of with a pistol on the highway, provided it be done in the higher circles, is only a little manœuvring—for which (with change of person, place, and instrument) a wretched fellow-creature might be put up on a high post, or put down in a dreary prison. When one hears these nice distinctions, one cannot help thinking of the song in the Beggar's Opera,

“ Since laws were made for every degree,

“ To curb vice in others, as well as in me,

“ I wonder we ha'nt better company

“ Upon Tyburn tree !”

The first part of the history is a description of the country and the people. The second part is a description of the government and the laws. The third part is a description of the religion and the customs. The fourth part is a description of the commerce and the industry. The fifth part is a description of the military and the naval power. The sixth part is a description of the science and the arts. The seventh part is a description of the literature and the philosophy. The eighth part is a description of the history of the country. The ninth part is a description of the present state of the country. The tenth part is a description of the future of the country.

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N^o XXX.

A RAINY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

- - - - For this one day
Do go, dear Rain ! do go away.

COLERIDGE.

Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things !
But smoke and dust, and noise and crowds delight ;
And to be press'd to death, transports her quite :
Where silvery rivulets play through flowery meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
Black kennel's absent odours she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

YOUNG.

A RAINY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

I GAVE an account to the dowager Lady Eaglemont of my country excursion to Riverbank Park. She sympathized very sincerely with me, and added that, for her part, she would rather live in London all the year round, than pass one month at her son's castle. Fashion, however, makes it necessary to quit town at a certain period, merely to say that you have been in the country. "Now," continued she, "in the hottest day in summer, when town is most empty, and when you meet not an acquaintance in a whole morning, still are the shops open—one can go shopping, can call at a circulating library, get the last satirical novel, take an

ice at a confectioner's, talk scandal at a dress-maker's, hear the *on dits* that are going about, drop in at the minor theatres, and sit at one's window on a Sunday quizzing the beaux and belles emerging from the counter and the show-room.

“ In the country there are no such pastimes. A watering-place, indeed, is very well for a month, because it is not like the country; one can gamble all day, go to balls and assemblies at night, frequent the circulating libraries, and gossip as much as in town. But a visit to what is called your country-seat, your family estate, is to me being a prisoner on parole in fine weather, and a close prisoner in bad weather. A rainy day, for instance! what a trial of patience! what a penance for one of my habits! In a jail there may be variety,—the prisoners must have many and marvellous adventures to relate; but at the family mansion, all is clock-work sameness, healthy stupidity, and the gloomiest of all gloomy retirement.

“ I neither ride nor fish; and as for a walk, unless upon the flag-stones, I never

think of it. Country drives are equally odious. To be dragged along without shops or loungers to look at, I deem detestable; and then to arrive at a village, and to set all the curs and mongrels barking at me, to disturb a donkey on a bed of manure, and to set a parcel of cocks and hens to flight, whilst broad grins and opened eyes meet me at every cottage door, affords me not the least entertainment.

“ Nutting parties, too—what a bore! getting your face scratched with brambles, and your bonnet knocked off by the branch of a tree. To boil your kettle like a gipsy, under a hedge, I hold degrading; and dining in woods, in tents, and in the open air, has this horrible difference from the worst entertainment in a house, that you have the misery of being bit by insects, your complexion spoiled, and your dishes filled with animalculi.

“ Then the society in the country is the most monotonous in the world. You are entertained by the parson, perhaps, who preserves the same soporific and nasal note

with which he treats his parishioners from the pulpit; or by the village apothecary, who puts you in low spirits by detailing how sickly the season is, how many patients he has to attend, and the miraculous cures which he has performed; or who delights you with a four hours discourse of unintelligibilities about oxygen and hydrogen, muriates and nitrates and carbonates!

“ My poor brother, who you know is retired from the army, perfectly agrees with me in his hatred for the country, and suffers just as much as I do in it. But to return to a rainy day. I remember, last July, it set in for rain in such good earnest, that we had only five dry days in the month. I know it to my sorrow, for I counted them all, as I did the moments, until I got off to Brighton, and thence (tired enough of the seaside) to Bath.

“ One day, in particular, it rained incessantly. My son and the apothecary played billiards all day; and the women must needs be industrious and go to work. My poor brother was confined with the gout, and I could get no one to make up a rubber at

whist. I counted, from my window, the slates of the stables, being in number seven hundred and fourteen; I measured the room sixteen times, and numbered the medallions on the carpet; I read every advertisement in the papers, and stood three-quarters of an hour, by the clock, watching a goose upon the lawn, which, as idle and unhappy as myself, had no other amusement than extending one leg and standing on the other, which brought to my remembrance Vestris, in the grand ballets at the Opera, and had the good effect of drawing from me a smile, a tribute to "the pleasures of memory."

"It was an awful day! I thought that there never would be an end to it. How relieved I was when six o'clock struck, and the dinner bell rung! After dinner I played cards till I scarcely knew a heart from a club. My brother told me that, one rainy day, he measured ten miles in the library,* played with the bell-rope for two hours, and, after dinner, played four and twenty games at billiards. I do protest that I never will pass more than one week at a time again at a

* Instead of looking at a book.

family mansion as long as I live, and that will be purely out of complaisance, and to keep up old family customs."

Thus ended her Ladyship's description of the Country.

I, too, remember a comical day, or rather a most idle one, passed at Richmond, with a friend. It rained torrents; and our horses were twice ordered, and twice sent from the door. Every one of a party invited to dinner sent apologies; and the billiard-table was under repair. My friend was no reader; and he had lost so much at whist and at piquet, at Bath, that he had made a vow not to touch a card for a twelvemonth. We therefore looked over a portfolio of caricatures for three hours, and played at long and short for shillings, until I lost ten pounds. Then we varied our game for odd and even, and dined and played at back-gammon until midnight, when I left him to smoke his German pipe. He fell fast asleep at this lively amusement, and was awakened by his valet-de-chambre at four o'clock in the morning.

I blush when I recollect how I spent that day; but there are many, if they would take a review of their past life, who will find innumerable hours consumed in the same way, not to mention the *passa tempo* of many an elegant dragoon detached at country-quarters, who, in his *tædium vitæ*, strolls with a companion to the first bridge, and spits over it for half-crowns or guineas; or plays at pitch and toss by the road-side, until the hour of dinner arrives; when he either drowns recollection and life in the purple tide of wine; or, if he be a selfish insipid, who wishes to preserve his health and good looks, sips his pint of claret or madeira, lounges his evening away in misleading the mind of the prettiest milliner, or mantua-maker, in the village, and then returns home, to admire himself in the looking-glass, to boast to his comrade of his success, or to laugh at the poor innocent easy girl's credulity.

If such be the effects of idleness in the country! surely it is better to be a

HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800
BY
JOHN B. BOWEN
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. BOWEN, 1800.

N^o XXXI.

RAMSGATE AND MARGATE.

- - - - - an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture ! - - - - -

POPE.

RAMSGATE AND MARGATE.

MARGATE is to Ramsgate what the East end of the town is to the West. I had often heard the superiority given to the latter; but I was only fully convinced thereof, when, for the first time of my life, I went over in company with Mr. Oldcastle, a has-been battered beau, from the latter place to the former. You might indeed distinguish the steam-boat company from the higher order, as easily as one can discriminate betwixt fog and sun-shine, obnubilation and light. The Tower Wharf or Billingsgate seems to stick to these marine travellers from their departure to their arrival; and they are as unlike the polite frequenters of watering-

places, as the linen-draper's arming my Lady out of her coach is dissimilar to the attentions of a man of fashion ; or as the bow of the paid tradesman or retreating dun (the last oftenest practised in the West), is opposite to the gay and amiable acknowledgment of good breeding, the graceful bending of condescension, or the respectful tribute of *bienséance*.

What amused me most was, our falling in with young Doublecharge, my lawyer's clerk, who, equipped with a hired dennet, and accommodated with three-weeks leave of absence, shook off the gravity and composure of the office, and attempted to *make the amiable*, as my Irish cousin literally translates *faire l'aimable*. Law and physic, trade and commerce, are sadly at variance with fashionable levity and elegant volatility ; yet they will sometimes try their unsuccessful hand at an imitation of them.

“ You know every body, Mr. Doublecharge,” said I to him, on meeting at the hotel door ; “ pray be our *cicerone*, our nomenclator, and let us know who we have got

here." Mr. Doublecharge seemed delighted with the task, and off we all set together. Oldcastle eyed him with disdain ; but I was very glad of his company. His master had done a good deal of business for me, and I once thought well of him, though I have since changed my mind, and the same will probably happen to most of my readers who are long acquainted with law-persons and with law-charges.

Our guide now undertook to discharge his task. He told us that he always made himself agreeable, go where he would ; that he was not proud, soon acquainted, of popular manners, and always gained as much information in a week as some men would in a fortnight. " Very well indeed," said I ; " and not ill at home," thought I.

" But come now and tell us all the beauties and fortunes, personages and humours of the place. Who is that man who pitches and rolls like a heavy vessel in a gale of wind ? he booms like a merchant-man, although he is of heavy metal

enough for a man of war.” ‘Ha, ha, ha!’ tittered out the Clerk, playing a new part (the gentleman), ‘that’s a very great corn-factor, one who is very warm, a plum at least, a very respectable character, a man of great weight in the city.’ “Of great weight any where,” interrupted I. ‘Bravo, bright, a hit, a palpable hit, my good Sir; exquisite; a pun, by the gods!’ “And the red-faced waddling man—not a lame duck, I hope. He whose illuminated countenance looks like a gas-light.” ‘Oh! Sir, that’s a very leading man indeed, a great cattle-dealer, and the *primum mobile* of our parish; nobody has any thing to say in the vestry but his Worship—a very leading character indeed.’ “If he be a cattle-dealer, Doublecharge,” said I, “I should think that he were fitter to drive than to lead: I dare say he drives the poor hard enough.” ‘Admirable!’ cried the Clerk! ‘yes, that he does, as hard as a flint stone; but a very good man for all that.’ “The ultra-fashionable in the cur-ricule—who is he?” ‘Oh! a great brewer.’

“ And the old figure in the gaudy chariot ? ”
‘ A great spirit-merchant.’ “ Why they are all great people,” quoth I. ‘ Oh ! yes. The gentleman riding the blind hack is an author.’ “ And that’s his Pegasus, I presume,” answered I. ‘ And the lame man coming out of the bathing-machine is a great book-seller ; the man with a groom behind him is an informer ; and the gentleman reading the newspaper, in his landaulet, with one horse, is a brother attorney—a great man in his profession too.’

“ Come along,” cried Oldcastle, peevishly ; “ let us leave this quill driver ; and I will tell you more about it.”—We separated, and Oldcastle exclaimed contemptuously—
“ What a set of rogues and ———.” ‘ Not a word against the softer sex,’ said I,—‘ no not one word. But what are these rogues ?’
“ Rogues in spirit, rogues in grain, rogues in practice, rogues by profession, rogues from principle, and rogues from interest.”
‘ Mercy defend us,’ exclaimed I. “ Yes,” continued he : “ we have a great cornfactor who undermines your health with salt, alum,

and calcined bones, and who grinds the people closer than his corn, in order to make his fortune by a nefarious monopoly; next comes a cattle-dealer, who in his parochial situation pounds the swinish multitude, and pockets the money destined for the poor, reducing them, in as much as on him depends, to the level of the brute-creation; then comes Old Barleycorn, who sells physic for beer, and who, from working the intestines of his customers, has no bowels of compassion himself, but expects, by licensing of publicans and sinners, to step into parliament, or perhaps into a title; next we have an author, who dresses up the stolen thoughts of others and vends them to the hopping bookseller, who daily turns away from his shop modest merit, but sells quarto volumes full of emptiness, or romances full of poison to the young mind, at exorbitant prices; we have also an attorney, who lives by the miseries of mankind; a tooth-drawer, a tallow-chandler, an antiquated city frump, and a score of corset-makers, fancy-workers, milliners, and hair-dressers."

‘Enough, enough,’ said I; ‘I am quite satisfied as to the selectness of the company; all watering-places are a promiscuous gathering of idlers, but Margate bears away the palm in this respect.’ I ordered my carriage and returned to Ramsgate, quite satisfied with one peep at her neighbour; but I could not help thinking how different were the views of Oldcastle and the Clerk. The ignorance of the latter constituted his happiness: and we all know “where ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise.”

N^o XXXII.

VACANT HOURS.

" Their only labour was to kill the time,
" And labour dire it was, and weary woe."

THOMSON.

VACANT HOURS.

SIR Peter Panemar was knighted for his civil services in India. He came home with the liver complaint, and a plum. He met with usurers who enabled him to lay out his money to great advantage, by way of annuity : this was all quiet and underhand. Lady Panemar has a blaze of jewels, and she is fond of play, and has an opinion of her judgment in it. Both these qualities turn to the account of her acquaintance; whilst an excellent cook, and a very large house, offer attractions to guests of the first family, who condescend to compose their circle, and who call them two

mighty goods people in their way, *id est*, in the way of dinner-giving, and of losing at cards. The table and other gratifications of the senses, carried on *sub rosa*, compose the round of Sir Peter's pleasures, and occupy his time; but his Lady has more striking features in her character. She is stormy, jealous, changeable, and ambitious. To be classed with the great, and to fatigue echo with the sound of her strange name and empty title, at every rout in town, is the *summum bonum* of her enjoyments. Late hours, and laced liveries, constitute her splendour in society. She is known like the sign at an inn door, and held quite as cheap by people of quality. "Let us just look in at the Nabob's house," is as common as the call of a ticket porter at Barclay and Perkins's Entire shop, and the motive is much the same: the former is made a convenience to high life; the latter, an accommodation to the lower orders. But all this takes us from our subject.

Sir Peter never has a vacant hour to

answer a letter, to receive a petition, to attend to the call of humanity, to improve his mind, or, in fact, to spare in any way whatever. He has not a vacant hour in the whole day; all are bespoken, all are disposed of; all are engaged; and yet how? for that is the object of our animadversion. The important labours of his day, the useful dividing of time, the tasteful variety of improvement and of pleasure,—these are the objects of inquiry. In short, how does Sir Peter live? What is his diary? What the *agenda* which mark the features of his mind, which render him a useful member of society, and which endear him to his fellow men, and to the community at large?—Nearly as follows.

Eleven is his breakfast hour. Having kept every one waiting, he comes down to breakfast, as many members go to the House, empty, insipid, and having nothing but habit in view. He takes twice as much time at breakfast as is necessary, even for an idle man; yawns over every cup of tea; turns over every paper; drenches himself

with the former, and stupifies himself with the latter; looks at the barometer, and at the thermometer, and talks of India, of change of climate, and of constitution; abuses England, yet condemns India; looks at his letters, and puts them in his drawer unread; fancies himself into a complication of disorders, and longs for the visit of his physician, who appears *secundum artem*, a grave coxcomb, profiting by the weakness of mankind.

Of the physician, ignorant questions are asked by Sir Peter, as to materia medica, physiology, and anatomy. They are enough to make him laugh; but he preserves his unaltered muscles. The nabob persuades himself that he has a complication of disorders; the doctor bows; he nods approbation to the idea, and a prescription is written and sent off; for the physician and the apothecary play into each other's hands: the former fills his patient's head with whims, alarms, and a conviction that he cannot live without medicine; whilst the latter makes a complete medicine-chest of

the nabob's trunk,—not his strong-box, for both draw upon that, in order to fill their own pockets, and to get a good annuity out of Sir Peter.

The patient then grows low-spirited. “May he take a pint of Madeira?” “Decidedly; it is absolutely necessary.” “And eat turtle?” “In moderation: yes.” “And ortolans?” “Nothing better.” “Doctor, will you come and taste them?” “If my professional calls allow me, I will.” (He comes.) “And a bit of venison?” “The easiest thing possible for digestion.” “And a little iced Champagne?” “Hum—three glasses.” “Noyau?” “One glass.” “Hermitage?” “Yes, just for a finish; but, to live on simple food, and to keep good hours and temperance, is quite necessary, and, indeed, the only thing to be relied on.” Pleased with the prescription, Sir Peter enjoys the anticipation of the Epicurean delights, and thinks on dinner for an hour.

It is now one o'clock.—A poor artist calls: “He has nothing for him.” A widow: “She is an impostor.” A tradesman:

“He will teach him better manners, and won’t pay him for a twelvemonth, for daring to ask for his bill.” The nabob’s money is good: the tradesman is distressed; but he will lose, by importuning him. He goes home, ill-uses his family; pines, fails, or becomes a fraudulent bankrupt; or, perhaps, turns rogue, in order to meet the delays of assumed consequence, and pseudo quality,—to balance credulity against caprice, folly against stubbornness or want of principle, bad debt against good debt. An humble relation calls: “Never at home.” He must now ride: his horse is over-fed; he himself is not over courageous, long used to the palanquin,—a Brentford horseman. He is nervous, and determines on walking. It is now three o’clock! what has been done?

He saunters down Bond Street; meets a poor man from India, who has a lawsuit: ‘Might he speak to him?’ “He has not time.” He is now in the middle of St. James’s Street; and a tenant wishes for a word with him: the poor man’s stock and crop have failed; his farm-house has been

consumed by fire. But the nabob has not a moment: he even regrets that he should have bought an estate: what are crops and tenants, fires, or other men's calamities, the growth of timber, and mere vegetable matter, to him? Nothing: they are a tax upon a man of fortune's time; he considers it as a great liberty taken by the tenant to accost him in the street.

"After all," says he to himself (for he has no taste for these pursuits), "agriculture and horticulture are very vulgar employments; the former only fit for a peasant, and the latter for a lady, and that as far only as overlooking her green-house, and of talking on the subject. I had rather" (continues he, to his dearest friend,—self) "smoke my hookar, and listen to a good story, than see all the crops, and fields, and gardens, in the world; wetting one's feet, perhaps, and bringing on a fit of the gout, by following some new-invented plough, or looking at some odd breed of cattle."

He now determines to sell his estate. But then again, Mount Pleasant House,

and a vote in the country, give consequence; they draw my Lord, and the county member also, to his parties; they procure him invitations to great dinners, and shed showers of visiting cards upon his breakfast table. He won't sell his estate.

It is now four. He is in Pall-Mall; he looks into ——'s; he fancies that this is a parliamentary, literary, diplomatic, scientific lounge. It is a fancy—it is all fancy. He sits down, he listens, he yawns, he forgets; but he has been there, and he has not time to recollect what passed. It is past five. A parson accosts him for a subscription for the poor of his parish, or for a singular case of distress: time permits not; he will be too late for dinner. “Signor Santineri's readings! five guineas, and be d—d to him!” He gives the money; but he is in a devil of a hurry, and a little out of temper; too late; no time; he must dress; he is tired; a pill to take; too late; no time; must be put off till to-morrow; what a pity!

He is overfatigued; with what? with going from Harley Street to Pall-Mall. He will

take his carriage next day ; it is too fatiguing—too much for him ; it occupies too long a space of time ; he forgets the quack medicine, the sale of china, the milliner, his promise to buy the cigars, and the Prince's mixture ! how many wants ! how many omissions ! how important too ! and the scurrilous novel !—forgot that too ! how could that be ?—no time ; too much hurried ; not a vacant moment.

An idiot of a servant now annoys him, who will bring in widows' petitions and tradesmen's bills ; not that he can't pay the one, and relieve the other, if he pleases ; but that he hates the name of them. Her Ladyship could wish to speak to him : he cannot. It is six, and he is but half dressed (and that very ill too, he might say, for he is the worst judge of colours and dress in the world). " She must write ; a party for the next day." Agreed : he will put off an old friend, a commoner, because Sir Gregory gives the feast. 'Tis seven. How has he passed the last

two hours? In swearing at his servants, and in trying on two coats which don't please him: he declares they were made for a hog, yet they fit him exactly. His gloves are too small; they burst in putting on; the fact is, that his hand exceeds Bond Street proportions. A spring wig took three quarters of an hour in adjusting; did not please at last. He fears that he shall have scarcely time to reach the dinner party before the first course is concluded: how could it happen? What has he done? He has been hurried all day, and swears that he will not undertake so much the ensuing day; but yet the vortex of pleasure allures him, and impels him, whilst idleness forms the leeway of his reckoning on life's voyage.

What a progress he has made in the useful part of life! He has walked all the way from Harley Street to Pall Mall, has spoken to a dozen people; bowed to twenty carriages; bought some currie powder; and looked in at ——'s library; and, after a

long and unsatisfactory toilette (for the quicksilver of his mirrors gives a vulgarity to his features, and a blueness to his lips, wrinkles to his cheek, and something unfashionable to his *tout ensemble*: it must be their fault), he is enabled to cut in for the announcing of dinner, just time enough to offer his arm to a withering plant of quality. What a pity that he has not more leisure! How much more might be done in the same way! But it is the lot of rich men to be overpowered with engagements.

Two hours at breakfast; two or three in consulting about health; as many in doing nothing up and down the streets; an hour to listen at the library; an hour to forget what he heard. How a man must, after this, be pressed to get ready for dinner, and to appear in time! Then, four courses and a dessert bring on midnight; and, two rubbers last until two o'clock in the morning. What a beautiful division of the hours! Sir Peter is fatigued, by this time, beyond measure. He has also a pill to take; and

to soothe her Ladyship for her loss of temper, or for her loss at play. "Dear how late it is! how little time for rest!—must not be called until noon the next day!—overfatigued;—too active a life!"

This is the diary of one who has not a vacant hour; because vacancies, like ciphers, swell the numerical account of his life. Such is Sir Peter Panemar; and such are many others of his stamp. Time, which stills hangs heavy on their hands, consumes and slips, as it were, from under their feet, whilst they are thinking what to do, yawning, complaining, and idling. Calls of various kinds are made on them; claims of humanity, or mere social claims; but they have no time. The sale of a pipe of madeira, or of some old china, or of a great man's pictures (the two first of which they are perfect judges of, though ignorant enough of the latter), require a whole morning; and a great dinner, with the additional attraction of cards, will, at all times, dip deep into the night. Poor people, how

N. XXXIII

THE CHILDREN'S BALL

N^o XXXIII.

THE CHILDREN'S BALL.

THE CHILDREN'S BALL.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,

Now sounding feet approach near,

And now the sounds increase;

And, from the corner where he lay,

He sees a train, profusely gay,

Come pranking o'er the place.

PARNELL.

THE CHILDREN'S BALL.

“ W H E R E were you last night ? ” said I to Lady Lewisburn, “ that you disappointed the Blue-stockings party ? ” “ I was at the children’s ball,” answered she, “ where I was more stupified than I can describe. Can any thing be more unamusing, except to foolish papas and mammas, or to the second childhood of doting grandpapas and grandmammas, than to behold a parcel of little puppets popping about in a maze, practising all their dancing-school steps, or aping grown people in the languishing graces of the waltz ? There was that old-fashioned stunted plant, Lord Lilliput, and that miniature flirt, Lady Jemima, sailing through the

Queen of Prussia's waltz, whilst old Omnium's (the banker) daughters danced together, and shewed off as many operational changes and attitudes as if they had actually practised on the stage. Then the admiration of parents and the insincere compliments of flatterers, all bestowed upon these epitomes of conceit, are quite preposterous. Half of these chits would have been better at school, or in the nursery, than hurting their health by late hours at a ball. As to dancing with them, or after them, that is quite out of time and place. To dance with them is uninteresting, and to dance after them is disadvantageous, and disgusting; for the little wretches take such pains, that their exhibition beats a grown person's as to the mere correctness of dancing. Besides, they dance for dancing sake.'

"Little wretches!" said I, to myself. "This is indeed the language of envy." "It is really bad taste to give these juvenile hops," continued she, 'although it be copied from very high authority. It looks as if some folks were growing childish. Indeed our

taste is so deteriorating, that half our amusements are fitter for boarding schools than for an assemblage of nobility and people of fashion.'

In vain I represented that one celebrated author had remarked, that, "Men are but children of a larger growth;" and that another favourite poet says, "Delightful task! to teach the young idea how to shoot!" 'Stuff and nonsense,' cried she; 'let them then spin a top or shoot with a bow and arrow, but not be intruded into the assemblies of their seniors. Is it not ridiculous for us grown people to be going to see Mother Goose, Tom Thumb, Old Mother Hubbard, and such infantine fooleries? or to mispend our time at Pantomimes and at Rope-dancing? And is it not equally absurd for children to be making a noise at a round game at a rout, where deep play is going on; or to be showing off their little airs and graces in the gay quadrille or voluptuous waltz? There they can learn nothing which they ought to know; they can see nothing but bad example.'

"This assertion," said I, "recoils upon ourselves." "Stuff and nonsense!" again exclaimed her Ladyship. "What is very well for us to do, is highly improper for them. A little flirting—even a little love-making, with a match in view, is not so much amiss, in the meridian of attraction and in high life; but how improper is even the witnessing of it, for the inhabitants of the nursery or of the school. I was quite disgusted," concluded she, "last night, both with their affectation and with the greater folly of their parents." "Do not my children quite make me look old?" drawled out the Marchioness, whose grand children were capering about. "What a disadvantage to marry early!" Whilst Lady Laurel seemed as much pleased with her brats as if nobody had a family except herself. She considers herself as an evergreen; but I must confess I think her charms so little worth preserving, that their fading is no disadvantage whatever. The declining Peer, too! what a fool! he came up to me with his handsome boy, and

said, "Do you really think," laying a very strong emphasis on the reality of the thought, "that George Henry is very like me?" "Not in the smallest degree," replied I; which, besides being the truth, was the most mortifying thing I could have uttered. Then there were mothers proud to have their pretty children like them, forgetting that what may be beauty in a child, may grow up into plainness; and others lending all their ears to the voice of flattery, which whispered to them, "none of your children will be half as handsome as yourself." Such trash! I have no patience with them: I never was more annoyed in my life. — Lady Helen gives another of these juvenile treats next week; but it is the very last children's party at which any one shall find me."

Here she concluded — I acknowledge that there is some truth in her observations as to the injury done to youth, by witnessing too soon (and it is not always too soon,) the scenes of dissipation in high life, and by mingling at an early age with the vota-

ries of pleasure, since early impressions are so strong, and since it is so natural for the younger to imitate the older, and for the inferior ranks to aspire to superior situation. Entertainments of this kind, however, generally arise out of parental tenderness, the love of children in general, (an amiable quality) or complaisance towards our friends and acquaintance; and, therefore, they appear to me in an amiable point of view. But the fact is, that her Ladyship did not give a dispassionate opinion on the subject; for it was from having been neglected at the juvenile ball, that she conceived such an unconquerable hatred for every thing of the kind. Besides, her autumn is far advanced; and her views of life are widely different to what they were at an earlier season, when she might have entertained hopes of providing subjects for such spectacles herself, and when it was not necessary to class among the old bachelors, her friend,

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

ies of pleasure, since early impressions are so strong, and since it is so natural for the younger to imitate the older, and for the inferior to aspire to superior situation. Entertainments of this kind, however, generally arise out of parental tenderness, the love of children in general (an amiable quality) or complaisance towards our friends and acquaintances; and therefore they appear to me to be on a low point of view. But the love of the child itself did not

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THE CHIEN MUNITO AND THE LEARNED PIG.

kind. Besides, the more we are advanced, and the more of life we acquire, different to what they were in our earlier season, when she might have entertained hopes of providing subject for our philosophic hercel, and when it was not necessary to class among the old bachelors, her friend,

The Hermit in London

THE CHIEN MUNITO AND THE FEARFUL PIG

“Is it possible,” said St. Peter Placid to
A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had
but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give me a
piece of silver: there would this monster make a man! any strange
beast there makes a man!

SHAKESPEARE.

the human race, that you are the
the brute creation for a meeting lounge? Is
it from pure curiosity, for I know's sake, or
merely for something to do, that I see you
just returning from the Chien Munito's per-
formance? I have a water-dog at home
which can do nearly as much as this canine
foreigner, who has met such high patronage,
and is actually picking our pockets. Your
Ladyship might have good-looking puppies
enough to play tricks gratis without half the
trouble of coming thus far.

THE CHIEN MUNITO AND THE LEARNED PIG.

“Is it possible,” said Sir Peter Placid to Lady Bellamy,—“is it possible that your Ladyship should find so little amusement in the human race, that you are obliged to visit the brute creation for a morning’s lounge? Is it from pure curiosity, for fashion’s sake, or merely for something to do, that I see you just returning from the Chien Munito’s performance? I have a water-dog at home which can do nearly as much as this canine foreigner, who has met such high patronage, and is actually picking our pockets. Your Ladyship might have good-looking puppies enough to play tricks gratis, without half the trouble of coming thus far.”

‘Nonsense ! Sir Peter,’ replied her Ladyship : ‘ why thus severe ? You are always trying to moralize or to philosophize me out of my pleasures. If it were not for these amusing foreigners, I don’t know how a lady could dispose of her mornings. One grows tired of shopping and of the Park ; and a country ride or an airing is odious. I am always ready to fall asleep, or to get into the vapours, when I accompany my brother’s wife in her morning drives, or when I go through the drudgery of dropping my tickets at the doors of my acquaintance. Indeed, I have now dropped that plan entirely, and I send my empty carriage upon these occasions : for, as I said before, unless one has some active object in view—such as a sale, to meet a party, some scandal to hear, or some of these wonderful little beasts to see, all the moody melancholy thoughts in the world come into one’s head,—for instance, losses at play, debts, duns, cross husbands, the loss of one’s good looks’—(“ that cannot apply to your Ladyship,” interrupted the Knight,)—‘ painful remembrances, and sundry other

"ills that flesh is heir to." Now for instance, I took Mr. Moody with me yesterday to the Panorama of Athens, and thence to a lace-merchant; and by the aid of these two resources, and Philips' and Robins', I got rid of the morning pretty well. I was in very low spirits; but Mr. Moody made so many learned remarks upon Athens, that what with them and his Greek quotations, and scientific instructions, though I do not remember any of them now, and did not understand half of them at the time, I was very much amused indeed. The very sound of his voice was enough; it diverted me from myself; and that is all that any body can desire.

But to return to the Chien Munito. He is a delightful sagacious little gentleman; and you see all the first company at his performances, which is one of my motives for going there; and I have not done with quadrupeds yet, for I mean to see the learned pig, who makes as much noise in the gay world as ever Lord Bacon did amongst men of letters! I am now going to the accomplished creature: he is the only one of the swinish—

herd that I honour with my patronage. Here her Ladyship perceived me, and begged that I would accompany her. I excused myself, as I had made an appointment with a Member of Parliament at my bookseller's; but I promised to meet her in an hour, whilst Sir Peter took hold of my arm, and walked to Pall-Mall with me.

“What can be the reason,” said I, “that Lady Bellamy is always thus in a bustle, and cannot bear a moment’s reflection, nor be one hour at home or alone?” “Why,” replied the Knight, “she is deeply in debt; she ruins her stupid husband; and she dreads of being left one moment subject to a *tête-à-tête* with him, or to a morning lecture. She is the most desperate killer of time I ever met with, always fearful of not having enough to fill up her mornings. As to her evenings, she is generally engaged two or three deep; and as she has a separate apartment from her husband, and their engagements, their pleasures, and their pursuits, are quite distinct and wholly different, the first part of the day is all that she has to take precaution against.

He, for instance, spends most part of his mornings at a house in Blandford Street—which he has to pay for; he next makes his appearance on horseback, finds out the name of every new face that pleases him; dines out, drinks hard, and concludes his evening at White's, or at some other of the clubs: whilst Madame drives up and down the town in quest of some sight—the Indian Jugglers, the Panharmonicon, the Apollonicon, Panoramas, Museums, Sales, these quadruped novelties, or something of the kind, and flies from one party to another all the night. Thus there is little fear of the husband and the wife's coming together.

Be assured, however, my good friend, that all is not well within. You may take my word, that your excessive visitors of sights, your rout-goers, your inordinate lovers of pleasure, particularly if in the decline of life, neither possess uneasy minds, or such vacancy of intellects as must be thus filled up by the hoaxes, humbugs, and catchpennies of the day. These creatures have no matron-like avocations, no real attachments, no ful-

filment of family and domestic duties.—I hate such women altogether.’

Here the Knight and I parted; and I proceeded to the fashionable Pig’s exhibition, reflecting on the way on the truth of my friend’s remark, which I discovered applied most forcibly to many of my acquaintance. I now met Lady Bellamy again in close conversation with Captain Bounce of the Guards. “What a delightful dog I have just been to see!”

‘Madam,’ replied the Captain, who appeared to me to be more than a little attentive to the Lady, ‘I should have thought myself a most fortunate dog, had your Ladyship been to see me.’

“All fiddle faddle, words of course,” answered she, quite delighted.

“You are, upon my honour, the most gallant creature in the world; you never miss an opportunity of saying something handsome to our sex.”

“When I have the honour to meet your Ladyship, it would be impossible to say any thing else.”

Here she took hold of his arm, and they went up to pay their respects to the grunter together.

“A most extonishing hanimal,” exclaimed

his keeper! "He's as gentle as a dove (a pretty smile for a pig), yet as cunning as a serpent. I have seen him think for half an hour together; and he only wants the human voice to compose. Come, my Lord (probably out of compliment to the Peer, his Patron) jump about to please the Ladies. I'm sure that if he had an intelligent partindore, he could give us a valtze." (A general laugh at the fellow's stupidity.)

"How old is that ere lady in the Merino gauze dress, vith her embrodered ridiculous?" The pig counted out fifty-five. "The Pig's a fool," said a citified looking old spinster, 'and you are a swine' (looking at the man disdainfully) 'for teaching him such ill manners.' "Axe your pardon," replied the showman. "I say, my Lord, don't you know, as I have often learned you, that the truth is not to be spoken at all times? Think again (looking angrily at him, and making signals by looks)—think again I says; the gentlewoman dont look like fifty-five." (a loud titter from some boarding-school misses). The pig now counted thirty. "Vel and

good, my Lord Bacon," and off sidled the offended maiden.

"Mark vat sagacity in his eye." (At this moment Sir Timothy Turtle, Alderman and Victualler, was standing opposite him, and admiring his proportions.) 'Humph,' quoth the Alderman, but with such a grunt that the pig answered him in the same note, to the no small amusement of the spectators. "An old acquaintance!" whispered one; "A family likeness!" observed another; "What a fine first and second!" exclaimed a third. "Did you mind the Alderman's base?" said a fourth. "Humph!" quoth the Alderman again; and the pig ran up and rubbed itself against his legs. "Excuse his freedom," said the Keeper. "Oh! he is very welcome," said the Alderman good-humouredly: "he is as fine an animal of his kind as I ever saw."

At this moment a nobleman came in and paid much attention to the pig. "What a prodigy *sui generis*," observed my friend Brown from Oxford, eyeing by turns the Peer and the pig. The Keeper now began again,

"I say, let us know vether that ere handsome young lady is married or single: if married, you must count two; if single, only count one." The young lady, from the Misses Brigg's Establishment in the City-Road, stood with her head languishingly reclined on her shoulder; her face representing a half smile and a look of interest. The pig counted one. "Oh! single, my Lord; vel but van't you of opinion that the lady may soon be married?" "Oui, oui," grunted the pig. "There is retionality for you, and French too." "Oui, oui." "Yes, yes, the young lady vill very soon be married: very vell indeed!" A general titter prevailed in this corner of the room.

With all due respect for our revered Monarch, it may be remembered that he made an observation, that a certain pig spoke French when he grunted out *oui, oui*. This is a proof of his Majesty's correct ear; for it has been observed by very sapient linguists, that if a pig could speak, it would possess an excellent pronunciation in French, where so many nasal sounds are used, and

would be particularly fine-toned in the *oh qu'oui* and *donc*, in the *quiconque*, the *néanmoins*, or the *ne au plus*, as well as the *oui, oui*, and many other common phrases of the language. Here I recollect a quatrain in French, *sui generis*, which I subjoin :

Un cochon et d'Esesart *

Sont tous les deux gens de l'art,

Voilà la ressemblance,

Le cochon est plus beau,

Mais d'Esesart est plus gros,

Voilà la différence.

"Pray, Captain, what think you of the animal? how do you like this highly-patronized pig?" "Upon my life, I think he's an amazing boar?" "Admirable!" cried her Ladyship; and off she went to her carriage.

The whiskered Peer now patted the pig's head, and he in return went through a number of tokens of respect and regard. "Birds of a feather flock together," observed Colo-

* D'Esesart was a famous actor at the Comédie Française.

nel M'Botherun with a loud laugh. 'Devilish good indeed!' said an Insipid standing by, and looking at the pig through his quizzing glass,—'devilish fair indeed; yes, yes, a mud-lark you mean.' Pat meant no such thing; but it was a happy come-off. "Well," resumed the Hibernian, "here have I been fighting my country's battles for twenty years; I have been wounded three times, and all that for a paltry six shillings a day; and here's a rascal who, by saving his bacon, makes bread for himself equal to a General Officer's full pay: upon my faith, a man had better at this rate be a hog than a soldier." Here his friends laughed immoderately at him; but he continued his remarks with an undisturbed countenance.

I now consulted my oracle, which taught me, that "I had lost a day;" and not so delighted with the Chien Manito as Lady Bellamy appeared to be, I returned home.

On my road, I was recollecting how long it was since her Ladyship and I met last. This brought to my mind that the lapse of time was great; for she was then returning

from a visit to Johanna Southcote. The time before that she was just stepping into her carriage, in order to go down to see Buona-
parte on board the Northumberland, and a little before that, we had met at the Indian Jugglers. What a strange rage for novelties ! what a love for sights ! what whimsical combinations ! an impostor ! a tyrant ! catch-penny jugglers ! a hog and a dog ! every one of which has had its reign, as every dog has its day.—Nay, every one of which has gulled John Bull in some way or another, not even excepting

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from a visit to John's daughter. The time before that she was stepping into her carriage in order to go to the Banquet or board the Northumberland, and a little before that we had met at the Indian Jugglers. What strange mix of novelties! what a lot for eight or ten theatrical combinations, and upon my word, I caught every juggler, a dog and a dog, every one of which he is. N° XXXV. has its day—every one of which has called John Bull's name was in another, not

CONFUSION OF PERSONS AND OF RANKS,
IN A SCENE AT THE OPERA.

CONFUSION OF PERSONS AND OF RANKS,
IN A SCENE AT THE OPERA.

THE FIRST OF

CONFUSION OF RANKS AT THE OPERA

I - At behind old Lady Primrose, the other
night, at the Opera, all the world is there.
Not see the Opera! all the world is there.
GAY.
They
old
they are
highly
no
My lively
Alley and
Prim-
that
had
discovered
that

CONFUSION OF RANKS AT THE OPERA.

I SAT behind old Lady Primitive, the other night, at the Opera. Just before her sat two most expensively dressed women, with an awkward boy by way of a beau. "They obstruct my view shockingly," said the old lady to me; "and I dare swear they are vulgar people, although so highly dressed. How unfortunate that there should be no room in my sister's box!" My lively Guardsman now came out of Fop's-Alley and sat down before us; and upon Lady Primitive's repeating her remark, he told us that he had been quizzing them, and that he had discovered that one was a pawnbroker's wife, the other the lady of a bailiff, and that

the awkward boy was *Richard Roe*, junior, Esq. just sent to college, and in town during the vacation.

He accounted for knowing them by having been borrowed, as he called it, for an hour, on account of having accepted a bill for a brother officer; and he saw Mrs. Roe and the boy set their father down in their carriage, at the sponging-house door. The other female he found out by an accidental circumstance. Dick Deering and he heard her say, "I'll *pledge* my honour that it is so," and, immediately afterwards, "two to one it is Madame Fodor." "A pawnbroker!" cried Dick, with a loud laugh; whereupon the two-to-one lady blushed up to the eyes, and whispered to her friend, "How could they know us?"

"Shocking," exclaimed her Ladyship; "what vermin! one the receiver of live pledges, and the other of inanimate ones! what a shame that such people should be allowed to be in the same places with people of quality! If I had my will," continued the Countess, indignantly, "every trade

should be distinguished by its dress and badge: the tradesman's wives should neither wear jewels, lace nor feathers; proper places should be allotted to every rank in life; no professional people should give liveries to their servants; no one connected with trade or commerce should have two footmen; and every one should be known by the dress and appointments of himself and his establishment."

"But, in a commercial nation," replied I, "that would never be borne. Besides, in a land of liberty, every body is free to act according to inclination. The coronet and the arms are distinctions enough for our nobility; politeness and good breeding, ease, elegance, and manner, are sufficient to distinguish people of fashion; but to all the rest, money is the passport, and each subject, possessing this means of enjoyment, has a right to it, in common with the highest."

"I'm ashamed of you," hastily interrupted her Ladyship. "One would almost take you for a democrat! That omnipo-

tence of money is just what I complain of; it sets each rank above itself; every shop-keeper wants to be a gentleman; every minx of a milliner, or a corset-maker, sets up for a lady; she dresses like one; she goes to public places like one; she is as dissipated as one; and is, in every thing, as pleasurable and as affected as her betters.

“I went the other day to call on my cousin the Duchess; and, on entering the room, I saw a very elegant young person clipping off some dead roses from a rose-tree in her Grace’s boudoir. So well was she dressed, and so affected were her manners, that I mistook her for one of the family, and made her a low courtesy; but how mortified was I on finding, when my cousin came in, that she was her Grace’s waiting-woman. Presumptuous wretch!”

“But whence got she that ease and style of appearance!” said I. “From copying her betters,” replied the Countess, in an altered and severer tone of voice. “And that elegance of person and appearance

which deceived your Ladyship? "Perhaps from being the natural offspring of some man of quality," very ill-naturedly answered she. "And who are we?" asked I. "Stuff!" said Lady Primitive. "Stale stuff," observed my Guardsman, in a *sotto voce*. "Its incongruous, monstrous," continued she. "The other day, I went into Mr. Calico, the linen-draper's, to order some table-linen, when, on addressing a person whom I took for a partner in the shop, Mr. Calico observed, with an impertinent and consequential smile, "Your Ladyship is mistaken, that gentleman is my daughter's harp master'!!!

"On another occasion, I was purchasing some china at a shop, and seeing a pretty little pert child pass through, I condescended to pat it on the cheek: "a pretty child," said I, "Your Ladyship is very good," answered the china-man, as proud as if he had been the emperor of his trade; "she is a nice little girl; your Ladyship would be delighted to see her dance; she is a scholar of D'Eg-

ville's.' I made the impertinent no answer, but bolted out of his shop, without purchasing any thing.

"Thirdly, and lastly, (for the examples of confusion of rank are as endless as disgusting) I met a well-dressed fellow at my door; and on demanding his business, he told me that he was the principal superintendent of Mr. Congou's very extensive concern,—that is to say, the shopman of a grocer!

"Thus, too, we have common bag-men styled travellers of the house of Messrs. So-and-So, woollen-drapers and hosiers! quill-drivers, termed secretaries to such and such a firm, paltry day-school mistresses' mean dwellings puffed up into the Misses Nip-cheese's Establishment! whilst our dress-makers keep a footboy bedizened in lace; and our retail tradesmen, snuff-shop fellows, victuallers, pastry-cooks, and fishmongers, ride in their landaus and barouches, and run foul of their customers at every race, or on every Sunday in the Park: it is detestable! it is unnatural! it is abominable!"

Here the Ballet of *Zéphyr et Flore* com-

menced, and put a period to her Ladyship's harangue. It is a representation of youth and of love, the summer of life and the expansion of beauty. It attracted every eye, arrested every attention, engrossed every interest. This is allegorical, thought I to myself, and those who possess attractiveness and youth, will make havoc, even with crowned heads. There will not be, with them, all these exceptions to situation and to family; nor will a genealogical history be required where rank and elevation bow before the shrine of Venus, or follow the dictates of youthful passion. It is fortunate, perhaps, for us, that in every age the human heart still retains feelings which can occasionally level all distinctions,—if it were not for such feelings, what an absolute dominion would pride gain over us! what an increase of food would its effects afford for the animadversions of

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THE REDNITS

THE REDNITS

N^o XXXVI.

THE PEDANT.

THE PEDANT

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pool,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE PEDANT.

I MADE one, last week, at Lady Charlotte ———'s *Conversazione*, which my cousin the Guardsman calls the Sunday-school ; contrasting it with the Marchioness's *At Homes* on Thursdays, which he calls Little Hell, on account of a certain round table which forms a principal feature in the evening's amusement. I met (at the first named assemblage) with an ——— LL.D. etcetera, etcetera. How some people are spoiled ! The moment he entered the room, he was surrounded by all the Blues. " I am charmed to see you," said Lady Charlotte ; " you are just come in time ; we are all in the dark on an abstruse subject, and you are just the man

to enlighten us." 'Madam,' replied the Pedant, 'I am very willing to do the best in my power, but the sun itself cannot enlighten the blind.' Not very polite, thought I. — The knotty point being discussed, and the LL.D. giving his common-place opinion, "Oh! by the by," said Mrs. M——, "don't you think that young man ***** is a close follower of Lord —— in his moral or graver poetry?" 'Not a close follower,' replied the Doctor. "But—you perceive the resemblance." 'Yes, Madam,' said he, 'in his lameness.' "Did you condescend," said the Countess of *****, "to look in at Lady H——'s rout?" 'No, Madam,' responded the Scholiast; 'I received one of her encyclical cards; but I never go to a vapour bath, without the advice of the faculty.' "Admirable!" cried Lady Caroline; "but I dare say, Doctor —— told you that he was to be there." 'Your Ladyship is right,' said the Pedant; 'he went there, doubtless, in the way of his profession. Colds and catarrhs caught on these occasions, added to the intemperance of our sex and the dis-

sipation of yours, are the greatest resources of medical men."

"I have a thousand apologies to make to you, for my nephew," said the Dowager—"he was really far gone; and I considered it as a condescension on your part, to allow him to be set down in our carriage on your way home the other night." 'Madam,' replied the Doctor, 'I did not think him so far gone as I could have wished; your Ladyship did well to set him down in any way; and as to myself, I considered your carriage, on that occasion, like a stage-coach, and was prepared to put up with any company.' What a brute! thought I. "It is a pity," rejoined her Ladyship, "that he should be so given to swearing." 'Not at all,' said the Doctor, 'when a man is given to lying, he does extremely well to adopt the habit of swearing; for he can have no respect for his own word, and cannot expect those who know him to have any more reliance on it: an oath, on such an occasion, may, therefore, be imposing.' "Very severe!" whispered a host of Blues.

He now looked sour, but self-satisfied. "My son says that you did not know him, when he accosted you, going to see the Elgin marbles," observed the Dowager Lady —. 'No, Madam,' replied the luminary; 'I took him for a stage-coachman, and was perplexed to think how I came to be in debt to one, as I conceived that, perhaps, he accosted me for his fare.' "Very fair," insinuated a punster. The Doctor frowned. "His brother is a great scholar," observed the lady again. 'Yes, Madam, a great Greek scholar; but his knowledge has been acquired amongst the modern Greeks, instead of the ancients,' said he, smiling sarcastically. "Have you seen him lately?" resumed her Ladyship. 'I saw a stiff cravat and a pair of winkers this morning in the Park, with part of a face grinning through a horse-collar attached to a coat; and I concluded that he was in the midst of these fashionable monstrosities.' A general laugh.

"Your old friend the General is much altered," observed a classical Parson; "he is grown quite an old man." 'An old

woman, Sir, you mean,' replied the LL.D. 'and of the weakest kind.' "By the by, what do you think of his wife?" "I consider, Sir, that she has more caloric in her composition than any other person I know, being a strong repellant of attraction." "The Duke," interrupted Lady Charlotte, "is gone to Russia." "I hope that it will be a salutary refrigerant to the ardor of juvenile imprudence," replied the grave oracle. "I meant to have made a northern trip myself," resumed her Ladyship, "but, on reflection, I altered my plan." "I am happy," observed the Doctor, "that your Ladyship's reflections go so far: some people merely confine them to their looking-glass."

I now got weary of so much nugatory importance—of so much ill-natured remark, without intrinsic value, and I withdrew, reflecting how unjustly many individuals gain an ascendancy over others. The reputation of a scholar, eccentric habits, grave dress, a severe countenance, and boldness enough to be rude, have raised the Doctor to his little eminence in his circle, where he holds forth, like the

philosophers of old in their porticoes, and where weak would-be *savants* and *savantes* come, each with their taper, to borrow light from an offensive half illumined lamp, shining dimly in neighbouring darkness.

Thus are many Pedants spoiled. For my own part, the only novelty I perceived in this character, was to have kept an admiring circle attending to his saying nothing instructive, but every thing ill-natured which was in his power. A discerning eye will find more of this species in the *soi-disant* intellectual assemblies of the metropolis. These are the successful quacks of literature, who live upon simples, as the French mountebank said to his gulled and subscribing circle. They have covers at the houses of the great, seats in coronetted carriages; and, what is more astonishing, they hold a high situation amongst their admiring satellites; among whom, however, they cannot reckon

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

philosophers of old in their porticoes, and where weak would-be sages and sages come, each with their taper to borrow light from an off-hand half-blinded lamp, shining dimly in the darkness.

Thus we meet Robert Spauld. For my own part, the only novelty I perceived in this character, was to have been an admiring circle attending to the saying nothing distinctive, but every thing that was in his power. A man of eye and hand more of this species in the world, we have not seen.

N^o XXXVII.

LADIES' DRESS.

celestial darts of incense, who live upon smiles, as the French monarch said to his gilded and adorning circle. They have covers at the house of the great, and in the tonnetted carriages, and what is more astonishing, they hold a high position amongst their admiring satellites, among whom, however, they cannot reckon

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land,
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing,
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound to th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and streamers waving ?

SAMSON AGONISTES.

LADIES' DRESS.

I HAD scarcely parted with Mr. Bonton, when I met Lady Lavishall. She was one of the most ridiculous figures which I ever saw. Imagine to yourself, gentle reader, a very short woman, fat in the extreme, and so round that she appeared more like a barrel trundling along, than a human pedestrian. A footman followed her, so immense in stature, that he appeared more as if he was sent to look over her, than to look after her.

Her dress was so ill-chosen that it completely disfigured her. It was fashionable, but so ill-arranged, that, had she studied how most to succeed in the ridiculous, she

could not have hit it off better. Her very plump countenance was buried under a bonnet more like the tilt of a waggon than any thing else—it would have carried a week's provisions in it—such an enormous production in the straw line, that instead of a head, it might have contained a whole lady in the straw. On one side of this huge machine, (not, by the by, unlike a bathing machine) drooped a bunch of lilac, so pendant and so profuse in quantity, that it seemed like an entire tree torn down and suspended from a lamp-post or a sign. The whole head disfigurement was completed by a quantity of gauze bows and incumbrances too multifarious to be described.

Round her Ladyship's neck was a ruff, so ample that it stuck out half a yard from her chin; and so laced and embroidered, that it had a certain cauliflower appearance, more easily to be imagined than described. The projection of her bosom, increased by tight lacing, had the effect of a waist of about one inch, resembled a bowed balcony, and prevented the possibility of approach within

at least a yard; whilst the poke of her bonnet only allowed her full-moon countenance to be seen in perspective. A handsome lace drapery surmounted her shoulders, which gave her the air of an odd fish in a net; and, about one inch from her waist, began tucks, folds, flounces, points, and vandykes, which continued in succession, like the hoops of a barrel, until they reached the calf of her very substantial leg.

Her figure was concluded by shoes so tight that they crippled her, from which ribbons crossed her ankle and cut it at angles backwards and forwards, whilst the rebellious flesh seemed to scorn these fetters, and to do all in its power to break its bondage. She trailed a reticle in her hand like a two-penny post-bag; and was accompanied by an over-fed broad-backed pug, who seemed to be a caricature on his mistress, as he waddled by her side along St. James's Street. She had the fashionable hump upon her back; and, as if nature had not made her short and squat enough, "she stooped to conquer," like the Parisian dames.

What can have induced this woman to disfigure herself thus? thought I to myself. It must be in order to follow fashion. Here again is a conspiracy of the dress-makers and milliners to amuse themselves at the expense of their customers, in a double sense of the word. Like the tailors, they invent dresses daily, and send abroad for drawings of the foreign fashions; so that betwixt home-whims, and foreign fancies, women of quality and fashion are kept changing their attire, and getting into debt, three-fourths of their time.

The same show-room tricks are practised upon our belles, as are played off upon our beaux; and a whole dictionary of strange names is invented, in order to give attraction to the articles of wearing apparel. We have robes *à la Joconde*, and *à la Turque*; we have a head-dress *à la Caroline*, *à la Victime*, *à la Ninon*; we have cottage-bonnets, and curricie-gowns, and gipsy-hats, and Oldenburgh pokes, and Homberg, or humbug, hats, and I know not what beside. All this renders the town a complete masquerade, and makes

every drawing room seem like a stage filled with actresses of different costumes, and performing different parts, for no other purpose than to enrich the successful milliners and *marchandès de modes*.

But the ruin of many husbands, and the theatrical, or rather carnival-like appearance of all our public theatres, and public walks, are accompanied by the circumstance, that women do not study what becomes them, but merely what is the last change in dress.

At the time when there was a strange practical paradox of dress and undress, poor meagre, thin creatures were sewed up in a niggardly covering, which set one shivering to look at it ; and the chest was so exposed with hollow collar-bones, distinct ribs, and ill-covered shoulder-blades, that a surgeon might have studied osteology from these living anatomies. On the other hand, our superlative *embonpoint élégantes* are now loaded on the back with fashion's heavy yoke, buried in a ruff, lost in a tub-like rotundity, enlarged most unnaturally in size,

and curtailed in stature by the diminished petticoat.

Although, however, I lament this disfiguring of my fair country-women, and deplore their insatiable rage for absurdity in fashion, and their blind devotion in following all the whims of *bon ton*, yet I cannot attribute the fault entirely to them of not consulting age, situation, form, complexion, and the *tout ensemble*. It is not the mere following of Lady So-and-So, that leads them into errors, nor the lure of the pocket-book, magazine, and newspaper account of dresses, which betrays them into fashion's snare; it is the artful and insinuating tradeswoman who completes their ruin.

Amongst a number of their successful arts, is that of keeping a very handsome show-room girl, who tries on all the fashions; and, looking well in every thing, sets off the most preposterous or unbecoming fashion. Many a vain female, hoping to appear as fascinating as this young woman, in some new-invented cottage-bonnet, or in some shep-

herdess's costume, purchases the article, which gives her the look of an old witch, or of some operative garden-woman. Many, again, who see caps, hats, and head-dresses upon comely busts, or represented in coloured prints, purchase the expensive articles for wear, never reflecting that nature has not bestowed on them a face or form suited to the sublime tiara, or to the girlish wreath of flowers; whilst Miss So-and-So, or Madame Malines, with an impertinent volubility of tongue, puffs, praises, lies, and recommends, until the wavering reason of the customer entirely gives way.

In colours even, which every female should study and be acquainted with, women of fashion most grossly mistake. Often do they allow themselves to be persuaded into the taking some article off the hands of the milliner or dress-maker, who has only her own interest at heart; and thus do we see an Alderman's athletic *bon vivant* looking bride, (whose rose, impatient to lodge somewhere about her visage, has perched upon her nose, and left the neighbour cheek all

pale and pimpled) with orange-coloured or poppy ribbons overhanging the inflamed and leading feature of her face ; and thus making a complete fright of her ; whilst an unhealthy dame of quality, whose complexion is all tallow-candle colour and freckles, with hair like hay, will ornament her head with the fair lily, or dress in a lemon-coloured robe.

In this manner, the Dowager, misguided by her dress-maker, will purchase a low-fronted dress, and injudiciously sit down at table by the side of an angelical form, whose bosom mocks the untrodden snow, and whose well-turned and polished arms might be taken for Parian marble ; whilst in the Dowager, is exposed by the dress-maker, every natural defect which prudence, modesty, and the real interest of the party ought to conceal. “ Beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament ;” but where defect or deformity exist, concealment is absolutely necessary.

To plain persons, neat, plain, yet valuable attire is becoming ; youth courts simplicity ; old age demands gravity of dress and of de-

portment ; and if the fair sex would consult a friend instead of a dress-maker, less errors and less expense would attend their toilette.

Just as these ideas rushed through my mind, I met Lady Benares, the Nabobess, going to Court in her chair. Her swarthy complexion, yellow teeth, and very brief ill-shapen person, were surmounted by some seventy feathers ; and she put me in mind of nothing but a shuttlecock. Returning home, however, I met with Lady Mary, whose beauty and simplicity effaced the former bad impressions, and which, fortunately for her, may bid defiance to all the stratagems and follies of crafty and avaricious work-women, and to the flippant proprietors of galleries of fashion.

THE NABOB CLUB

THE NABOB CLUB

N^o XXXVIII.

THE NABOB CLUB.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd ;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round.

THOMPSON.

THE NABOB CLUB.

I WAS walking down St. James's Street, when I met with a friend who had made what is vulgarly called an over-grown fortune, in India. His person in point of bulk, was also over-grown. His face exhibited the colour of a guinea: and his lips were sky-blue. "Have you ever been in India?" said he to me; 'Never,' said I, astonished at the question. "What a pity!" 'Not at all,' replied I again; 'for I have not lost the time, and have my liver free from disease.' "Nevertheless," continued he, "it is a great loss: you might have been elected a member of the Nabob Club, the like of which is not to be found in London."

I inquired the particulars of this unique society, and learned, from his lips, what follows: "The club consists of very rich men who have been in India; the delicacies of the table are rare, and all of the oriental cast;" (English and French would be enough for me;)—"four men cooks are kept." "Would not one suffice?" inquired I. "Oh! no," replied the Nabob, "one is for turtle only, one for the malacatawney soup, one for curries, and one for the remainder of our sumptuous fare."

Then he talked of houkar bedars, of houkars, of hubble-bubbles, of chillums, and of I know not what, mostly unintelligible, and entirely unnecessary for me. I told him that I never smoked. "So much the worse," said he. "Besides we have views in India all round the room." "My views do not reach so far," said I. "And black servants." "I should be contented with white; and, indeed, in warm weather, I should prefer them." "But eastern magnificence!" added he. "I have no ambition for." "And," concluded he, "such a party!" "That, indeed,"

I acknowledged, 'ought to be taken into consideration.'

Upon inquiry, I found that the party consisted of old and of elderly Epicureans, who had been broiled in the East, and whose palates were almost seared, whilst their taste was fanciful; that the dinner cost five guineas a head, including wine and a houkar; that the members of the club were given to gluttony and to silence, and that after dinner it was usual for them all to sleep for an hour or two. 'I should not dream of coming amongst you,' said I. But my kind friend tried to induce me by saying that honorary members would very soon be proposed, and that a gentleman was just about to be ballotted for, who was a very great traveller, that is to say ———, any name the reader pleases; (for instance, a great improver of a story, a great adder to matters of fact) and it was agreed *nem. con.* by the club, that whilst he was telling his stories, the laughter occasioned to the mute eaters would greatly facilitate digestion.

What powerful inducements! A most

expensive dinner, silent society, one buffoon, black attendants and oriental views, dark recollections, smoke, and mental obnubilation! Yet, in the good city of London, any thing that is foreign goes down. An Oriental club, a Trans-atlantic society, German pipe-assembly, snuff-party, drinking and fumigating; Hottentot Venus, or Indian Juggler;—all, all that is expensive and comes from afar, succeeds in town. But of all the dire punishments which could be inflicted on me, that of paying for mere oriental or occidental fare, without society, and smothered in smoke, I should consider to be the greatest.

Conversation must, here, be limited indeed, and that little the most unentertaining—the dry detail, for instance, of hot journies to Bengal, to Benares, or to Bencoolen; or a grave discussion upon cookery, with “Governor, a little more calipash, if you please,” or, “Another glass of the arrack punch;” or, “Slave! the currie is not hot enough; or the wine is not sufficiently frozen; the nabob’s pipe is out; or, the commissary general’s

cravat is so tight that he will choke if you do not awake him."

These local clubs should have no honorary members, no men of the world amongst them ; and yet we find conceited boys, and " children of a larger growth," join Asiatic and African clubs, smoking-rooms, and foreign dinner parties, and make themselves sick merely for the whim of snuff, tobacco, and Trans-atlantic cookery,—beings who ape the luxuries of the east and west, or of any other quarter of the globe, only because the thing is strange, out of the way, and expensive.

Secret clubs also, where there is no secret worth knowing, is another stupid catchpenny for our youth, who might, with a little more taste and discrimination, become members of literary, scientific, or philosophical societies ; of those which encourage virtue, morality, and the fine arts ; which improve us in good taste, in poetry, in music, and in vocal harmony ; in languages ; and, above all, in politeness and in benevolence. Such clubs, be they dinner or evening clubs, have a useful tendency ; but from the tyrant or the slave,

from Afric' or from Ind', what can be borrowed except his money ? and that he is not very rash in lending.

For my own part, I profess myself to be a philanthropist and a cosmopolite, a lover of humanity and a citizen of the world. Europe (as most polished) is my club ; and all real gentlemen are welcome society to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N^o XXXIX.

MISTAKES IN COMPANY.

MISTAKES IN COMPANY.

THERE cannot be a better man than Sir Michael Marall. No one more obliging; nothing is kinder than his heart; yet no one on earth commits more unlucky mistakes in company. From these he is reckoned a mere scatterbrain, a marplot, a quiz, and is often avoided. From these he has got himself into very serious scrapes, and has lost his very best friends. Finally, from these unwilling errors, he, who of all men in the world, wishes most to please and to do good, scarcely ever opens his mouth without committing a blunder, without giving offence.

Sir Michael is now fifty years of age; yet is he as thoughtless as when first I knew

him, which is thirty years ago. As a proof of the confusion of his brain, he forgets daily to wind up his watch, sets it wrong afterwards, and is never in time any where. In his commonest concerns he is always under some apprehension—some mistake; and, in his conversation, he is sure to say, or to do something out of time or out of place. If he meet a widower he will invariably inquire after his wife. If he meet a lady who is divorced, he will (forgetting the circumstance) beg his respects to her husband. He, not unfrequently, asks unmarried ladies after their children; and people at variance, after their friend So-and-So. The many who do not know and pity this absence, or rather this confusion of his ideas, consider that he either intends to hoax them, or to insult them. The few who are acquainted with his infirmity, fear to ask him to their house, lest he say or do something offensive to their company.

I remember one day, he made an appointment with me, to ride together to see a cottage on the banks of the Thames. We

waited a considerable time. At last he rung the bell, and asked why the groom did not bring his horses to the door? when, all on a sudden, he recollected that he had lent them to a friend. On another occasion, he kept dinner waiting two hours, at a friend's house; and after flying into a passion at his coachman's neglect, he was informed that he had sent his carriage to bring home his little nephews from school. He lost an aunt's favour by outbidding her at a sale of china, thinking that she had an interest in keeping up the price of the article; and a rich cousin scratched him out of her will for speaking against methodism, he having entirely forgotten that her religious tenets were of that persuasion.

But of all the unfortunate days of blunders that ever occurred, that was the chief on which I met him at dinner at the Marchioness's. Being in general two hours too late, and resolving to make amends for his usual failures, and never having dined at the Marquis's before, he arrived two hours before he was expected. The score of ser-

vants in the hall stared at him on his arrival, and then looked at each other—as much as to say, “Is he mad? what a queer genius this Sir Michael must be!” but the groom of the chambers, with his usual officious grin and low bow, said, mechanically, “My Lord will be down in ten minutes,” and then placed his chair, bowed, and handed him a newspaper. He had time to spell every word of it; after which he took up a novel and went through it.

At length a powdered servant opened the folding doors, and in walked the Marchioness. Sir Michael had never seen her before; but he was acquainted with her sister, Lady Barbara, to whom the resemblance was striking. He rose up, and made his best bow; whilst the Marchioness smiled on him with her usual dignity and mildness. Cheered by this into self-confidence, he thus began: “I need not (bowing a second time) ask your Ladyship to whom I have the honour of speaking, seeing so strong a resemblance betwixt your daughter and yourself.” “Daughter, Sir! I have none; you must mistake.” “Probably

—Madam—I may; I ask your Ladyship's pardon."

At this moment, her elder sister, Lady Barbara, entered the room. "That, that, that lady, Madam, is the person I meant; I took her for your Ladyship's daughter. Lady Barbara, your most obedient: delighted to see you look so well: indeed, the likeness"—(Marchioness.) 'Is that of a younger to an elder sister: my sister Barbara is three years older than myself (drily); but (with a smile of contempt) there is certainly a strong family likeness.' "Oh! yes, beautiful! vastly like indeed! a strong—very strong family likeness, particularly about the eyes." (Lady Barbara squints dreadfully.) Here ensued a loud laugh of the two ladies. (Marchioness.) 'Do you think so, Sir Michael?' (Sir Michael perceiving the obliquity of the sister's eye.) "No, my Lady: not at all—not a bit!" (Marchioness.) 'I am quite mortified to think how long you have been kept waiting. My Lord is not yet come from the House; and I am much later than usual myself, having been detained at Phillips's and Ro-

bins's.' " I understand your Ladyship; yes—the two money-lending attornies; I know them well—hard dogs!" " Not at all, Sir Michael, I mean the auctioneers." " Yes, yes (all confusion); the auctioneers I mean."

(Marchioness.) " I see that you have taken up that scurrilous novel; what think you of it?" " Beautiful! full of wit! how it cuts up the gouty Alderman pocketing the poor's rates! and the fat gambling Marchioness." The latter was herself.—(Lady Barbara, wishing to relieve him.) " Hem! did you look at those trifles in verse? They are very trifles, but written merely at leisure hours; mere bagatelles, composed on the spur of the occasion. What think you of them?" " Trifles, trifles indeed; mere bagatelles as your Ladyship justly observes; quite below par; childish, very childish indeed; a catchpenny, no doubt." (Lady Barbara.) " Childish, as you say; very much below par, but no catchpenny, Sir; they are my composition, and were never sold, but printed for a few friends, more indulgent and partial than Sir Michael Marall." (The Knight in an

agony.) “ Pardon me, my lady ; upon my honour—”

(The Marquis entered.) “ My dear Baronet, how are you? Why you are come in time to-day.” (Turning to the Marchioness.) “ This is, my very oldest friend.’ Her ladyship gave a contemptuous look, which said, “ *Je vous en fais mon compliment.*”

The company now began to arrive briskly ; carriages chased carriages down the street ; and the thunder at the door was like a *feu-de-joie*. The Marquis now drew his friend aside, and said, “ Michael, I am heartily glad to see you here. It is now three years since I met you at Newmarket. I have been to Naples and to Vienna since ; and have got married. I am sorry that I had not an earlier opportunity of introducing you to the Marchioness ; but you will find her at all times happy to see you.” (Sir Michael.) “ No doubt ; I read it in her countenance. A very sweet woman ! a most interesting person ! and I perceive that she is “ as women wish to be who love their lords.” Ha, ha, ha ! yes ; pretty far gone ; there’s no

fear of the title's being extinct; no, no; I hope soon to have the pleasure of wishing you joy on the change of her Ladyship's shape; very large, indeed, but all in good time." (Marquis.) " Sir Michael, I hope that her change of shape will not be so sudden as you expect; else must ill health be the cause. She is, I confess, rather corpulent; but is not so in the way which you imagine." Here he turned from him, and left him overwhelmed with shame, on finding that his friend had only been married three months.

Now entered Colonel O'Fagan, who, after making his obeisance all round, attacked the Baronet. ' Sir Michael, you played me a pretty trick to-day; you promised to bring me here in your carriage, knowing as you do that one of my horses is lame: and here you are before me, after keeping me waiting an hour and a half.' " My dear Colonel, I ask ten thousand pardons; but it is my coachman's fault; he never put me in mind of it as I bid him, for my memory is most treacherous; 'tis entirely his fault; but he is

an Irishman, and one must pardon his bulls and blunders sometimes : they belong to his country ; and he cannot help them." (The Colonel angrily.) ' Sir Michael, you are very polite ; but here stands an Irishman before you (born in London to be sure) who never made a bull in his life, nor disappointed his friend.' The poor Baronet was struck dumb, and sat silent until dinner was announced.

Defeat and diffidence took such possession of Sir Michael at table, that he scarcely dared to open his mouth. At last, the Marquis, seeing his consternation, endeavoured to draw him out, by saying, " Sir Michael, did you observe the sale of our old school-fellow's estate ? it fetched eighty thousand pounds ! should you have thought it worth so much ? " " By no means, my dear lord ; and I was as much surprised to see the crim. con. business of Lady—— (he was stopped by a look of the Marquis's)——I mean the death of old Lady (another frown)——the marriage of Captain Bracetight to a mechanic's daughter." The crim. con. lady,

whose publicity had been revived, after lying dormant twelve months, sat opposite to him;—the old lady's daughter in deep mourning, was on his right hand;—and Captain Bracetight's brother was near the foot of the table!

“ Each looked on the other, none the silence broke.”

Sir Michael blushed and stammered, coughed, called for water, and hesitated. His next neighbour, on the left, addressed him; and he stuttered so in reply, that the other, who had an impediment in his speech, almost suspected that he was turning him into ridicule.

At the dessert, four beautiful children were ushered in, walking by files in rather a stage-effect way. They were the Marquis's nephews and nieces. His brother and sister were at table, and the children had been sent for as a gratification to them. Every one was eager to praise them, to extol their beauty, and enumerate their good qualities. Sir Michael, after priming himself with a glass of hermitage “to bear his courage up,” thought

that he would be complimentary too. "What lovely children!" exclaimed he, fixing his eyes at the same time on their father, who is remarkably plain. "What *lovely* creatures!" repeated he, laying much emphasis on the word *lovely*. "Are all these children your's?" "So her Ladyship says," replied the husband; and there was nothing but blushes, smiles, surprise, and confusion round the table.

His last blunder was respecting Walter Scott. Being asked by a lady what he thought of that excellent poet, whom he had seen in his tour through Scotland, he replied, "Charming! charming! but 'tis a pity he is so lame!" "How do you mean?" said Mrs. Truethink, a Blue-stockings lady. "Is it his poetry continued she) or his person to which you allude?" (Here he recollected the lameness of the Marquis's brother! so, trying to recover himself, he recalled his words.) "Not in his person, Madam, but in his poetry;" (reflecting on the beauty of his lines and the public opinion, he corrected himself again by) "I—I—mean in both—in neither—upon my soul, I beg your pardon—I do not know

what I mean." Here a general laugh could no longer be controlled ; he retired early ; took French leave ; went home ; passed a sleepless night ; and never returned to Doricourt House. The Marchioness has given orders to her German porter, to say to the Baronet, always, "*Madame n'est pas visible ;*" and the whole family has dropped him.

Poor Sir Michael will, at last, be obliged to live the life of a recluse, as he will not be able to keep an acquaintance in the town ; or perhaps he may end it by some very serious consequences attending his habitual mistakes ; for these unmeant insults are never forgiven, and, so weak are we, that many who can generously pass over and forget an injury, can never pardon the being degraded or rendered ridiculous, whether it be intentionally or unintentionally—in joke, or in earnest.

N^o XL.

NOT AT HOME.

Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew.
See how they dash along from wall to wall !
At every door hark how they thund'ring call !

THOMSON.

NOT AT HOME.

“ I’m mighty glad of it,” said Lady Languid to me, as she drove off, from the Dowager Lady ——’s door. “ *She*,” resumed her Ladyship, with a strong emphasis on the *she*, “ is just the sort of woman to mortify one, by letting one in. What a take-in it is to be told that persons are at home when you have not the least desire to see them, when your morning is completely disposed of—not five minutes vacant, and when you are not prepared with conversation for *les trois minutes de bienséance*, having absolutely calculated on dropping your card! in fact what person of fashion ever is at home? I should just as soon look for a Duchess

reading homilies to a circle of curly-headed children, or embroidering a robe for a saint, as to look for an open drawing-room door before seven o'clock, the miserable ten minutes preceding dinner time !

“ What various reasons indeed there are for great people's being not at home ; whilst there is not one on the other side of the question.”

To this I bowed assent, and the conversation was now interrupted for a few seconds by a landau's passing by, from which innumerable nods and smiles were communicated, and answered by Lady Languid, who lit up her countenance, with a look of complacence bordering on fondness—a look that seemed to say, “ There you are ; I am delighted to see you ; you read my regard in my eyes ; heartily, truly glad to see you in such health and seeming happiness.” But it was *rien de tout cela*. “ Nasty fright ! ” exclaimed my Lady. “ I *do* (with a prodigious stress on the last monosyllable) hate that woman ; and I'll tell you the reason why another time.”

“ But,” said her Ladyship, “ to return to the ‘ being not at home :’ then these words are of more use in the world than you can possibly be aware of.” Thank you, thought I to myself, for your notions of my ignorance and for your instructions. “ If a woman of fashion were to be at home in a morning, she would be expected to do something, were it even as worthless as receiving troublesome visitors, or reading a new publication ; which, by the by, I do by proxy whilst I am dressing, when Mary-Ann, my Lord’s poor relation (fate send she were married) performs that office for me. Again, if your porter were not a second Lavater, or the skull-man—I forget his name, who knows, from the conformation of your head all about you in five minutes, the most embarrassing mistakes would daily occur ; for we have not our characters written on our foreheads, and there is such a confusion of orders in dress, that it would be impossible for a man of the capacity of a porter to discriminate a Duchess from a dress-maker, or a public performer from an Exquisite of the very first order.”

Here I begged leave to remark, that some characters were written on the forehead. "Not by a female author, I hope," replied my Lady. 'No,' said I, 'but by fair Nature's hand; and it is fortunate for your Ladyship that it is so.' "Stuff," said she, affecting to shift the subject, but evidently well pleased, "I hate compliments as much as being at home. The Not at home," resumed she, "is like an armistice or a parley with the enemy: it gives you time to reflect on, and to combine your future operations.

"From running over one's cards monthly, may be derived great amusement, and a good deal of the useful too. For instance, Lord Belamour never shall be received—he only wants to gratify his vanity by being thought a favourite; for Mrs. Idle, I must send my carriage and name; she has called I don't know how often without my returning her visit; the Baronet, a sad old stick, but the election is coming on, and I must jog my Lord's memory to invite him to dinner; Lady Keen, her card is a gentle hint that I lost money to her the night before last,

and a reflection to me that I lost my temper also—won't play so high again; Mr. Money-love, a dun, never at home to him, but must put him off; Mr. M'Alpine wants some favour of my Lord through my interest,—I must contrive some evasive answer, in pretty rounded periods, seeming to promise every thing, yet engaging myself to nothing,—get young Ruminant to write it for me, and so get rid of the crafty Scot.

“Thus you see what good “Not at home” does. A parliamentary man it enables to have his answer all cut and dried for a future call; or an evasive letter to be sent to the visitor; or it reminds him of broken promises which an interview would ruin; or of a frank, the object of the call; or of a debt never to be paid, and therefore never at home to.

“From noblemen, and men of large fortune, “Not at home” cuts off the legion of troublesomes—kind, loving, and troublesome relations, troublesome tradesmen, objects of charity, askers of favours, idle visitors, and troublesome institutions—such as subscrip-

tions, and societies for the public good, to which it is quite enough to give our name, without bestowing our time also.

“Not at home,” finally remedies all mistakes,—such as the visit made to my Lord, but intended to my Lady;—the card sent near the period of a ministerial dinner or of a quadrille ball, with a view of bringing the visitor to remembrance, and hanging out for an invitation to either;—the card of mere formality, and that of enquiring after health, or of taking leave, the former of which reminds a person to remove the straw from before the door, kept for the purpose of either gaining time, or gaining notoriety, and of inspiring an additional interest,—and the latter announces the departure of a tiresome acquaintance, to whom civility and attention may be safely sent, since the person is on the eve of departure and can trouble one no more,—the artist’s or physician’s card, the one a claim to patronage, the other in the hope that he may be wanted, whilst both of these characters create unnecessary expense, but serve to fill up time

by imaginary wants—busts, portraits, pictures, drawings and ornaments, or by imaginary ill health, and the being deceived into taking some fashionable remedy.

“Not at home” thus enables the gay world to make innumerable visits both in person and by proxy, in empty or in filled carriages; and to receive as many visits without the trouble of a word of conversation, or the loss of one moment of time. It extends the circle of acquaintance exceedingly in high life; for thereby are three classes formed,—the mere ticket acquaintances, not probably known by sight—the routs,—furniture of visitors, known by sight only—and the *bonâ fide* circle of acquaintance with whom we live, and whose society pleases us.

“The ‘being at home’ would on the contrary contract this circle; sacrifice a great portion of time, now given to pleasure; encourage paupers and duns, poor relations, and prosing visitors; trench upon the hours given to dress, and expose one to a thousand inconveniences. The very uncertain look of a stupid porter inexperienced in the ways of high life and in telling a lie, is enough to

agonize one ; for, I repeat it again, to be let in, is nothing more nor less than to be taken in."

She was about to enlarge on the subject when a poodle dog, for sale, with a rose-coloured ribbon round his neck, attracted her attention. " I must have that puppy," cried her Ladyship. ' Which?' replied I, seeing a crowd of saluting merveilleux about the carriage. She now explained to me which of the animals was the object of her admiration, and the bargain was struck. I found young Paouf (such was his name) a very unpleasant companion in a vis-à-vis and after receiving the impression of his paws upon a pair of white trowsers, and being twice bitten by him, I looked at my watch, and affecting surprise at the lateness of the hour, requested her Ladyship to drop me any where most convenient to herself, as I must be in Berkley Square at such a time. She accordingly released me, and I was very glad to take possession of my own room again, and to feel myself again

Nº XLI.

FAIRLY DRIVEN OUT OF TOWN.

Her quarter's out at Lady-day,
She vows she will no longer stay.

SWIFT.

FAIRLY DRIVEN OUT OF TOWN.

I HAVE a half-cousin, about fifty years of age, whose name is Bridget Jones. Her fond mother generally called her Biddy, by which name I beg leave to introduce her to my friends. Biddy was very good looking at twenty; at thirty she fell off a little; at forty she grew thin, and began to bear marks of disappointment; at fifty she is a skeleton.

Between the ages of twenty and forty, she refused a rich country squire, a poor clergyman, and two other professional men in good practice; having determined to marry either a Lord, a Baronet, or a Colonel in the army. One of the last description paid her marked attentions; but as cousin

Biddy terms it, "he never explained himself."

Since the age of forty no one has ever troubled her, and she now boldly declares her resolution never to marry. She is even grown so squeamish, that she will not take a gentleman's arm, but prefers walking as erect as a serjeant's pike, with her footboy behind her, to being linked in the arm even of myself, whose age and grave habits might, one would imagine, satisfy her scrupulosity.

Biddy was educated at Queen Square boarding-school, but had not been in town or five and twenty years, until the other day, when I received a billet from her to inform me that she had taken a lodging in Bury Street, St. James's, in order to be near me, and to be at the same time at the court end of the town. She occupied the first floor; and the second was inhabited by Sir Oliver Oxygen, a Scotch Baronet, and a very great speculator. His favourite study was chemistry; and he had sanguine hopes of making his fortune by it. He lodged in the second floor, in order, as he said, to enjoy

more rarified air, but it is rather thought that his main object was to be above the world.

Miss Biddy did not much like having a male lodger in the house; but she could rely on her own discretion and on a drop-bolt; and she resolved not to be intimate enough with him to warrant his visiting her; so that she confined their intercourse to sidling courtesies as they passed upon the staircase. Poor Biddy! the Baronet would not have given a good dinner for her; nor have parted with an atom of potassium or sodium to purchase a gross of ladies like her. The constant fumes, however, of nitrous and other gases, the smell of hydrogen, the explosion of inflammable matter, and the rumbling noises of the Baronet, by night and by day, very much annoyed my cousin.

At length one morning early, some hyper-oxygenated muriat of potash exploded with such a report, that it knocked down the Baronet, and broke the windows of the apartment. The landlord and landlady thought that their lodger had shot himself; and Miss Biddy apprehended that the roof of the house

was blown off, and that she would be buried in the ruins of the habitation. Self-preservation being the first law of nature, she leaped out of bed, without recollecting that she had not put on her under drapery, so that she was met *en chemise* by her landlord and by her own footboy. The disgrace of this she could not brook. Besides, as she observed, her life was not safe with that Caledonian madman; so she left her lodgings that day most precipitately, and discharged the poor footboy, alleging that she could not bear the sight of him, since her modesty was put to the blush.

Miss Jones next took a lodging in New Bond Street. The proprietor occupied the kitchen, the second floor, and attics; whilst a Captain in the Guards tenanted three rooms on the ground floor, to wit, a parlour, a bed-room, and a dressing-room.

The Captain was, what my rattle of a Guard Cousin calls, "in the wind" a good deal; and the knocks of duns and dissatisfied tradesmen were like a running fire at the door. "I will be paid!" vociferated a

livery-stable keeper, one day that I called on Cousin Biddy. "I know he is at home," sternly observed a horse-dealer. "I won't go without my money," said an hotel-keeper on a third occasion. "Kick him out," cried the bold Captain on a fourth. "Let him go and be d——, the tailoring sun of a gun." Besides, the Captain was *borrowed* occasionally; mistakes were made as to their rooms; and one day this hero played Miss Biddy a trick, as follows:

Two bailiffs, who did not know his person, slipped into his apartment early in the morning. The Captain was preparing for guard, but had only his dressing-gown on. They came into the room, and inquired his name. His servant took the hint, and winked at his master, who with the utmost coolness said, "Gentlemen, you are in a mistake; the Captain lodges on the first floor, but is not yet up; he came very late home from the masquerade; but if you call again you will see him." This was just the bait: they eagerly ran up stairs; whilst the Captain put on his great-coat and slipped out. The myr-

midons burst into Biddy's room, and took her for the Captain. The scene was most tragical.

When undeceived, they came down to the parlour, which they found locked; and after half an hour's parley, the door was forced, and they discovered the Captain's valet in his master's dressing-gown, and laughing most immoderately at the success of the joke.

Miss Biddy swooned three times, as she told me; and, when recovered, she again changed her lodgings. "To be thus treated is worse than death," exclaimed she. "The monsters! to take me for the Captain indeed! I am sure I never had any thing masculine about me!"

Her third lodging was in Baker Street. Here she had the misfortune to succeed a lady more distinguished by beauty than prudence. Biddy is fond of the innocent amusements of tending her birds and of trimming and watering her plants. Roses, geraniums, and canary birds, are generally esteemed an invitation to idle beaux to look up at the window where they may be exhi-

bited ; and as my cousin's great passion is dress, she used to be nodded at behind a rose or a balsam, or taken a side-view of through a birdcage. At all hours, visitors poured in upon her ; and such ridiculous scenes occurred, that she was soon beat off her ground there.

“ Ma'am, I beg your pardon ! it cannot be you that I want ; but perhaps you have a lodger or a companion ? ” was the language daily used : or, “ Oh ! (with a violent laugh) I am mistaken ; upon my soul I took you for quite another person.” ‘ For whom ? for what ? ’ indignantly answered Miss Biddy upon one occasion. “ Why,” coolly drawled out the Exquisite, viewing her through his glass, “ for a very pretty girl ; but I am sure I beg your pardon, I never was in a greater error in my life.” This, it must be owned, was insupportable.

Miss Biddy flew from this contagious abode to Manchester Street. Here she enjoyed only three days repose, when an accoucheur called on her landlady to make some inquiries which greatly offended Biddy's

delicacy, for she said that she could not bear the sight of the man.

One day, a letter being left at the Doctor's, whose name is Matthew Jones, directed thus,

“ M. Jones, Manchester Street,

“ To be delivered immediately.”

and being very closely folded, the Doctor looked only at the address, and, considering it as a mere hasty mandate to exert his skill, never opened it. The M. Jones he took for Mrs.: the last line spoke for itself. He therefore concluded, that my cousin needed his professional aid, and although late in the evening, proceeded immediately to attend her. This was worse than all the rest; and my poor cousin Biddy was fairly *driven out of town*. She asserted on her arrival in the country, that London was not a fit place for any modest woman's residence; and that it was impossible for her life, her credit, or her reputation, to be in safety there for one week. She therefore discharged her male servant, and put herself as a parlour-boarder at a boarding-school in the country, for the

sake of protection; and that she is there at present, in the very highest possible state of purity and preservation, will be vouched to any one whom it may concern, by her kinsman

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

END OF VOL. II.







